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THE STANDARD.

THE RELATION OF SLAVERY TO OUR DEMOCRATIC INSTITUTIONS.

LECTURE
OF
REV. THEODORE PARKER,
IN THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE.

[Reported for the STANDARD by E. F. Underhill.]

ONE of the largest and most intelligent audiences of the season assembled on Tuesday evening, Feb. 20th, in the Tabernacle, to listen to the Thirteenth Lecture of the Course given under the auspices of the New York Anti-Slavery Society, which was to be delivered by Rev. THEODORE PARKER, of Boston. The house was filled in all its parts, and there were probably not less than three thousand persons present on the occasion. As Mr. Parker appeared on the platform, he was greeted by loud cheers. When the cheering had subsided, Mr. OLIVER JOHNSON came forward and said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—The gentleman who has been invited to address us this evening has been charged with entertaining and promulgating some very pernicious heresies; but I believe he has never been accused, even by his worst enemy, of torturing either the Old Testament or the New into an apology or defence of American slavery. His religious creed, if tested by the popular standard, may be as deficient and erroneous, perhaps, as that of the Good Samaritan was in the estimation of the Priest and Levite; but I ask you when he was ever found on the side of the slaveholder? when has the American slave, plundered, outraged, forsaken, lifted up his cry to him in vain? I have great pleasure in introducing to you one of the *culprits* of Faneuil Hall, one who has been thought worthy of indictment in a United States Court for his fidelity to Freedom, and to the right of speech in the old Cradle of Liberty (loud applause).

Mr. Parker said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN — My friend Mr. Johnson has introduced me as one of those who are indicted for freedom of speech in Faneuil Hall; and when he spoke of me as being charged with being a culprit, you answered with applause. Don't you know that it is a great crime and a misdemeanour to do so? (Cheers.) You may think yourselves fortunate that you are in New York; for, if you had done this in Boston, you might, like ourselves, be in danger of an indictment; for if Mr. George T. Curtis, one of our kidnappers, did not report that it was levying war, I am sure that Mr. Benjamin Hallett and Mr. Benjamin Curtis—the two terrible brothers-in-law—the John Doe and the Richard Roe of the Fugitive Slave bill—would have presented you to the Grand Jury, and got you indicted for obstructing an officer.

Ladies and gentlemen, I will ask your attention to-night to some thoughts on the Relation of Slavery to the Democratic Institutions of America. I shall not be so long as the theme demands; I will try to be as brief as your patience will require. African slavery went to Virginia the same year that Puritanism set foot in New England. The year 1620 saw negro slaves at Jamestown in Virginia, and it saw Puritan Pilgrims on the sands of Plymouth in New England. What diverse consequences have followed from these two institutions — African Slavery at Jamestown, Christian Puritanism at Plymouth! Slavery once introduced into this country, it grew with its growth, it spread with its extent, it strengthened with the power of the new nation. At first, slavery was not in contradiction to the consciousness of the people in any part of the land. For in Europe, on the Continent, in Scandinavia, in Germany, in France, in all the centre and all the north of Europe, the great mass of the working people were still slaves. They were not always in a condition of absolute slavery, but they were almost always bondmen throughout all the centre and north of Europe. In England, slavery had mainly broken down, but it still continued. In the age of Edward VI., Thomas Smith found no "villeins in gros" and but few "villeins en regardant." Henry VII., borrowing the idea from Thomas Moore, said that all men had an equal, inherent right to liberty, and therefore he emancipated all the serfs of the Crown. In the reign of his son, there were few absolute slaves in England. In Elizabeth's time they were still fewer, and under James they still remained small and scanty in number. But slavery was not abolished in England even then. Gentlemen of property and standing, and of high repute in the Puritan Church, followed the army of Oliver Cromwell, and, after the victories in Scotland—"the crowning mercies," as they called them—these Christians purchased their brother men and sent them to the West Indies to be sold. This trade in men—white men, I mean—continued in England, more or less, though against the law, until 1758, when the last cargo of Scotchmen was kidnapped in Aberdeen and brought and sold in Philadelphia. That was the end of the matter.

I say, at the first foundation of the country, slavery was not in contradiction to the consciousness of the people anywhere. New colonies were gradually established, and slavery came into them all. Within three generations of my own fathers, they have owned not only black men, but red men and white men. I am speaking of men who have not been wealthy men, not merchants and traders, but farmers and mechanics, who worked at farming all the summer, every fair day, and when it was too rainy to work out of doors, turned to the shop and worked, by day-light or candle-light, as they could, at the anvil, or with the plane. And as *these* men owned slaves, black, red and white, it was not in contradiction to the consciousness of the people.

But the five New England States were chiefly indebted to a religious origin for their existence, and there, and especially in Massachusetts, there was early an opinion formed adverse to slavery. Massachusetts is a small State. She has only 7,500 square miles of land. Poor land it is, with a sour climate and miserable soil. But Plymouth Rock is in Massachusetts; Faneuil Hall is in Massachusetts; the first battle-fields of the Revolution are there. There is Lexington; there is Concord; there, also, is Bunker Hill! (Cheers.) And the great ideas which have preponderated in America have mainly had their birth in the little old State of Massachusetts. And their origin is to be traced to those religious Pilgrims, who, in 1620–28 and 30, brought the seeds of Freedom, and planted them in this Western land (loud cheers).

For a long time, there was no national consciousness in the country. Nobody called himself an American. They were men of Massachusetts, New Yorkers, Pennsylvanians, Virginians, Carolinians, &c.; but at last, when the Colonies had grown somewhat stronger, and the mother nation at home sought to oppress them, then, for the first time, the feeling of national consciousness got awakened in the American bosom. They began then to feel that they were Americans, and had a unity of consciousness. During the Revolution, the outward pressure of the mother country forced these Thirteen Colonies into a somewhat compact union. When victory perched on our eagles, and the force of the mother country was withdrawn, the question came, how we should unite ourselves into a great State. Now, there can be no national unity of action unless there be a national unity of idea. Two cannot walk together unless they be agreed; and they must agree as to two things, first as to the place they will go to, next as to the road they will go by, else there is no possibility for them to go together at all.

Now, in the American mind at that time, there were two very distinct ideas prevalent. They were not brought so distinctly to the consciousness of the American people as I will bring them to yours to-night. One of these I call the idea of Freedom, the other the idea of Slavery. A few words on each. First, of the idea of Freedom. That seems simple. It is composite—made up of these five parts.

This is the first: Every man has natural, essential, inherent rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, among other things. That is the first part.

Here is the second: These rights are inalienable. One man cannot forfeit them for another, only for himself—not the father for the child, nor the child for the father—not the husband for the wife, nor the wife for the husband. But each man may forfeit them for himself, by a positive crime, and in no other way. That is the second part.

Here is the third: These rights are equal—a great man has not much and a small man little—a rich man a large portion and a poor man only a smaller; but, in respect to this, the rights of men are exactly equal. That is the third part.

Here is the fourth: It is the function of government so to organize the forces of the people that all of these rights shall, to the greatest possible degree, be secured to every man. That is the fourth.

Here is the fifth: The government, thus established, derives all its divine origin from its conformity to these natural rights—all its human sanction from the consent of the persons who are to be governed by it.

These are the five parts which make up the composite idea of Freedom. You see at once that this will demand a democratic form of government—that is, a government over all the people, by all the people, for the sake of all the people. There must be a restraint over some of the people, but the restraint must be for the good of the party restrained, not less than for the welfare of the party restraining; it must be like the restraint which the father exercises over the son, the guardian over his ward—not for the restrainer's good merely, but for the joint welfare of the restrainer and the restrained. So much for the idea of Freedom.

This is the idea of Slavery. It is also composite. I make three parts here, for brevity's sake.

First, there are no natural, essential, inherent, equal and inalienable rights in man at all. That is the first part—it is a negation of human rights.

Next, there is a great diversity of power among men—some being strong-bodied, others weak; some powerful-minded, others feeble; some born to great estate, and others to no inheritance, save what is covered by their skin; and in that diversity of might the strong shall have the privilege to use the weak for his purposes—to promote his welfare at the cost of ruining the prosperity of others. That is the second.

Here is the third: There is no higher law whereunto man is responsible; the sole law of his action is personal caprice, and the sole limit is the limit of his power; the only law that he recognises is the caprice within him—the only limit is the limit of his physical power. That is the third part. These three, united together, make up the idea of Slavery.

As the idea of Freedom tends to a democracy—a government over all, by all, for the sake of all—so the idea of slavery tends to the establishment of a despotism—a government over all, but by a part, for the sake of a part, and against the welfare of another part. These are the two ideas, and you see they are perfectly irreconcilable. They are exactly opposite, and a nation that has these two in its consciousness has a contradiction there, and the two cannot walk together. They can never be agreed, either as to the place they will go to or the road they will travel by, as the one goes to Freedom—to Democracy—and the other goes to Despotism; and the roads which they will take are as diverse as the principle they start from, and the place they are journeying toward (cheers).

Now, there is not anywhere in the United States a complete Democracy. The idea is too great and too beautiful to be made a fact all at once. There is not anywhere a perfect carrying out of the idea of Slavery. It is so atrocious that our fallen humanity cannot bring it to pass in its absolute perfection (cheers and laughter). However, the Northern States of the Union may be regarded as a pretty good approximation toward the idea of Freedom — of Democracy. New England and New York are more eminently advanced in that direction. The whole Southern States may be regarded as far advanced toward despotism, only the despotism is not universal. It is confined to one especial class—poor men and working men.

If there were time, I should be glad to bring in contrast New York, with its democratic tendencies, and the result thereof, and Virginia, with its despotic tendencies, with the result thereof. There is not time for that, so I refer to it only in the most general way.

Now, I say, after the pressure of the British power was withdrawn, these two ideas of Freedom and Slavery remaining in the consciousness of the American people, it was necessary that they should organize themselves into a State. There were various motives thereto impelling. There was not then the strong idea of union that there is now; but there was the recollection of common perils borne in the revolutionary war. It was deemed advisable to have a Union for the material welfare of all parts of the land. The South wanted a Union for defence. They were afraid of enemies from abroad, and, still more, of enemies at home. The North wanted a Union for commercial purposes—not at all for defence. In the Revolutionary war, the North had defended itself and the South besides, and it knew it could defend itself at any time. It did not ask the aid of the South for that purpose—it wanted commercial privileges.

Then the Constitution must be devised. The Constitution is spoken of to-day as a very mysterious thing—a sort of divine revelation which came down from God, and if we take one single sentence from that piece of parchment, we shall be losers throughout all eternity. Now, the Constitution of the United States is a simple power of attorney, whereby the people instruct certain servants, whom we periodically elect, to do certain things for the government of the nation—what to do and how to do it. In preparing the Constitution, the idea of freedom and the idea of slavery both appear. They are both incorporated in the Constitution itself. The Constitution was adopted. There are four things which it did for slavery.

First, it left slavery in the several States and guaranteed for each State a republican form of government. The people recognised slavery as existing in the States which held it, and recognised it as a part of a republican form of government.

Second, it allowed slave property to be represented in Congress, not by the slaves as men, but by the masters as proprietors; not by the slaves or their nearest friends, but by the masters, their enemies. The slave was not counted as a whole man, but as three-fifths—the fractional part of a man.

The third was the worst of the whole. It guaranteed the rendition of fugitive slaves. This latter, indeed, was not done openly, but was sufficiently well expressed to be effectual. It allowed the African slave trade to continue twenty years, and never prohibited the American slave trade.

The idea of slavery, therefore, was incorporated in the very power of attorney by which the people of the United States instructed their servants to govern the country. These two ideas were so very diverse that a controversy began. As soon as the power of England was withdrawn, our national consciousness began to be developed. It is curious to notice the history of the quarrel between the two ideas. I will first speak of it in the individual States. In all the States that had a puritanic, that is a religious origin, freedom gradually triumphed over slavery. Thus, so early as 1780, Massachusetts wiped the stain of slavery clean out from her soil. New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut quickly followed. New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey copied the brilliant example, and very soon there was no slavery in the New England States, New York or Pennsylvania, or any of the new States that were descended from these great and famous patriarchs; and, in consequence thereof, there is no slavery to-day in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, or Iowa. But in all the other States which had a different origin—not religious, but pecuniary—founded not by Puritan fathers, but by mercantile adventurers—pirate adventurers and fillibusters in general (laughter)—the idea of slavery triumphed; and, accordingly, slavery prevails to this day in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, and, indeed, in all the States descended from those which had not a puritanic or religious origin.

That is the history of the contest in the individual States, and in which the Federal Government had nothing to do.

Now, let us see what is its history in the Federal Government itself. There was a great quarrel as to which should prevail in our national councils, freedom or slavery. The quarrel began as soon as we had done fighting with Great Britain. There are two instances in which the idea of freedom has triumphed. Here they are: First, by the celebrated Ordinance of 1787, by which slavery was forever prohibited from the North-west territory, from whence we have made such masterly and noble States, that are such an honour to our country at this day. Here is the next victory. In the year 1808, it succeeded in abolishing the African slave trade, though not without a fierce struggle and leaving bitter recollections behind in the great worshipful State of South Carolina (laughter and cheers). South Carolina was a Tory State before the Revolution—was a Tory State throughout the war; she was a curse to our fathers in all the eight years of that war, and she has been a curse to us ever since. A few years since, South Carolina wished to nullify; and if the American Government had said, "nullify as soon as you like," and if she had done so, the Union would have been a great deal richer and better to-day (laughter). Notwithstanding her opposition, freedom carried the day in the two points, namely, the prohibition of slavery in the North-west territory and the abolition of the African slave trade.

These are the only instances, ladies and gentlemen, since the Declaration of Independence, in which the idea of freedom has prevailed over the idea of slavery during that long contest in the councils of the United States. Eleven times has the idea of slavery prevailed over the idea of freedom. Here they are:

First, by incorporating the idea of slavery in the Constitution.

Second, out of old soil, four new slave States were created.

Third, in 1793, slavery was adopted as a federal institution, and a protection was guaranteed to slave property as to no other. The Constitution did not say, in case of the escape of fugitive slaves, the Federal Government shall catch them. It left the master or individuals to do the work. The people's power of attorney did not give the public servants the least power to use the public means in behalf of Col. Suttle or Dr. Clapp, or anybody else. But, in 1793, the Federal Government undertook to guarantee the possession of this kind of property to the holders thereof.

Fourth, it bought Louisiana, in 1803, and put slavery in it.

Fifth, it admitted Missouri and afterwards Arkansas as slave States.

Sixth, it made slavery perpetual in Florida.

Seventh, it annexed Texas and made it a slave State.

Eighth, it attacked Mexico and plundered a feeble sister republic of California, Utah and New Mexico, to get more slave soil.

Ninth, it passed the Fugitive Slave bill, and gave ten millions of dollars, slave money, to Texas, to be used for promoting the interests of slavery, and has since kidnapped men in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, in all the East, in all the West, in all the middle States. All the great cities have kidnapped their own citizens. Professional slave-hunters are always in New York and in Boston, and are ever at home in Cincinnati and Philadelphia. Even in the city of the Puritans, kidnappers sit down at the Lord's table. They are ever welcome guests in the Trinitarian churches, and they are just as welcome in Unitarian churches.

Only last year the Missouri Compromise was repealed in order to enslave Nebraska and Kansas, and a treaty was made by which Mexico gives us a piece of land about as large as Virginia, at an expense of another ten millions of dollars, in order that slavery may be planted there also. It was found necessary to have a railroad to the Pacific, to run through slave soil, that the masters of the South might be able to carry their bondmen and never have their feet touch free soil. Therefore, we must have the Messilla Valley.

The last of these triumphs of slavery over freedom was in 1854. The last triumph of freedom over slavery was in 1808. For the last six and forty years, not a single triumph has been gained in the national councils for freedom; whilst in the last eighty years, eleven triumphs for slavery have been accomplished.

From the first, there was a struggle for mastery. It did not seem certain which would prevail. It was a drawn game until 1820. Then freedom rallied its forces, and slavery all its dependencies, and slavery conquered freedom, and bondage was established west of the Mississippi, in the State of Missouri. From the year 1820 to the year 1855, slavery has been master in the national councils—plainly, obviously master.

See some of the results of that mastery; see, first, in the acquisition of territory. We have gained territory immensely towards the South, and it has all of it been slave territory. We bought Florida. We annexed Texas. We conquered a piece of land from Mexico larger than the whole of the original thirteen Colonies. Utah and New Mexico are slave States. California is a slave State, not by its Constitution, but by the principles which it acts on. Every year, the Legislature of California votes that slavery shall be tolerated a year longer. It exists by sufferance, but it exists in its absolute unconditional form.

During all of this time we have not gained an inch of free territory. Indeed, we have been very ready to surrender it. In 1845, Mr. Polk claimed that the territory of Oregon extended to 54 deg. 40 min. There could be no bondage up there, you know how readily he "caved in" and came down to 49 deg. Oregon was free soil. But suppose it was slave soil to be surrendered. Why, all the South would have fought with its *words*, and the North with its *swords*, rather than surrender a square foot of it. In 1842, Mr. Webster, by the Ashburton Treaty, surrendered 5,000 square miles of territory, on our north-east boundary, to Great Britain. A little obscure county in Alabama, by its action, declared that they would rather give up the whole of New England than cede Texas to Mexico; and 5,000 square miles of our own territory was ceded to Great Britain. And here let me say, that that piece of territory is the only portion of the soil which our fathers fought for that is completely free—where the American slave may plant his foot and bid defiance to the kidnapper (applause).

See the consequence in the election of persons to office. The South elects the Presidents. Eight were born in the slave States and four in the free States. One of them, Mr. Pierce, the present incumbent, is the most thoroughly pro-slavery man that we have ever had to disgrace the chair. Out of all the twelve, there has not been a single anti-slavery President. No, not one. Five of the slaveholding Presidents have been twice elected. No Northern President has filled the office a second time. Why? Because the South is our master, and it makes him President whom it sees fit. When it takes a Northern man, it goes up to him and rings him first; and if he sounds sufficiently *hollow*, then they put him in. Then, the South appoints the Judiciary. We have had thirty-five men appointed Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States—nineteen of them from the Southern States and sixteen from the Northern States. Of the present nine Judges of the Supreme Court, five are from the Southern States and four from the Northern; and yet the North has got two-thirds of the population, and four-fifths of the property, and seven-eighths of the educated men. When do you think the last Northern man who was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was appointed? In the year 1796. We have not had a Northern Chief Justice appointed for nearly sixty years. For eleven years, we have had a Northern Chief Justice on the Bench. For fifty-three years, we have had a slaveholding Chief Justice on the Bench. At this day, there is not a single anti-slavery Judge in the Supreme Court of the United States, nor in any of the Circuit Courts—not one single man. A *sine qua non* for an appointment to that position is, that the man be sound on the subject of slavery—that is, that he hates freedom and loves slavery, and will always construct the law and construct the jury so as to screen the kidnapper and to enslave men. That is the *sine qua non* for office in the Supreme Court of the United States. I say it very deliberately, and I know what I say.

There have been twenty-three Attorney-Generals of the United States, eight from the North and fifteen from the South.

The South appoints the Diplomatic officers. We have had two hundred and sixteen foreign ministers to the various Courts since the formation of the country. One hundred and seventeen of these were from the South, and ninety-nine from the North.

But these figures do not fairly represent the diversity between the two sections in filling the different offices; for of all our officers abroad to-day, there is not a single man who has ever uttered an anti-slavery word, either on this side of the water or on the other. If any one of our ministers abroad should say a word in behalf of freedom and against slavery, he would be recalled. Before the 4th of March next, he would have a ticket to come home immediately.

The South rules Congress. She sends twenty-one members to the House of Representatives who represent the fractional parts of black men. The South has a population of six and one-half millions and sends one hundred and forty-four representatives. Seventy-one thousand freemen in the South send one representative. In the North, it requires ninety-three thousand to send a single representative. *The South is our master.* If the South was represented no more fully than the North, she would send only sixty-nine representatives instead of ninety. If the North were represented as fully as the South, it would have one hundred and eighty-eight representatives instead of one hundred and forty-four.

But this is not all. The South fills the other offices. There have been twenty-five appointments to the Secretaryship of the State, sixteen from the South and nine from the North. Out of one hundred and thirty-four confirmed appointments to places in the Cabinet, not including the Attorney-Generalship, sixty have been from the North, and seventy-four from the South.

Here are further facts, which I obtained from an examination of the Blue Book on the first of October last. In the State Department, sixteen persons connected with it are from the North and thirteen from the South. Here is one account in favour of the North. The Secretary of State is a Northern man, and I am glad he has, in this respect, at least, shown a Northern preference. Connected with the Treasury Department, one hundred and thirty-five are from the North and two hundred and sixty-one from the South. In the Department of the Interior, one hundred and thirty-five are from the North and two hundred and thirty-one from the South. In the War Department, fourteen are from the North and thirty-five from the South. In the Navy Department are eighteen from the North and thirty-seven from the South. In the Post-office Department, the North has six more than the South, the North having forty-nine and the South forty-three. Out of nine hundred and seventy-eight officeholders in Washington, six hundred and thirty are from the South and three hundred and forty-eight from the North. The South is our master, and this is the way that she uses her mastery. It is not entitled to this in virtue of its numbers. Very far from it. It is not entitled to this by virtue of its property. The South, not counting the men, has not got fifteen hundred millions of dollars, all told. The North has got thirty-five hundred millions of dollars. If slaves have a representation because they are property, then the North should have property represented. If Northern property were represented, what an enormous delegation we should have in Congress. We would then easily vote down the South.

But, there is one thing in which the South is immensely before us. In the North, out of a population of thirteen and a half millions, there are two hundred and eighty-seven thousand natives over twenty years of age who cannot read and write. In the South, out of a free population of six millions, there are five hundred and twenty-two thousand natives who cannot read and write. If the South were represented in proportion to her ignorance, it would have, not ninety Representatives, but two hundred and eighty (cheers and laughter).

So much for the distribution of offices. Now, look at the character of the national legislation. I will only speak of the Fugitive Slave bill. If the wisest man on the continent had devised an act that should be hostile to the interests, and the feeling, and the conscience, and the intellect, and the religious emotions of Northern men, and if he had thought about the matter for years, he could not have devised anything that could be more insulting to us all than the Fugitive Slave bill. And, yet, it passed. All the South was for it. A large portion of the North was for it. *The South is the master of the North.* Whenever the slaveholder claims a remuneration for his slaves that escaped to the British camp, during the Revolutionary war, and were there protected under the flag of Britain, Congress votes the money. No matter how exorbitant the claim, Congress pays the bill—every cent of it, with interest. When a ship—an American ship—loaded with American slaves, happens to be wrecked on British Islands, and the slaves escape, and are no longer bondmen, but free, the United States Government says to England, "pay us for the slaves"; and a joint commission has just reported in favour of paying $121,000, for slaves lost in this way. Congress likes this. The little State of Massachusetts has got a claim against the General Government for services rendered in 1812 and '13, when she said to the General Government, "we will defend our own border, and the coast of Massachusetts, and the long coast of Maine, with our own men, and our own money, and you shall pay us when the quarrel is over." Congress has never paid Massachusetts one single cent to this day, nor will it ever pay a single cent to the end of time.

The merchants of the North have a very just claim against the United States Government for spoliations of the French Government against the American. Many years ago, the French Government paid the American Government the money. The Northern men have been constantly asking that they be paid for these French spoliations. Congress has repeatedly passed the bill. Just now it passed the bill, appropriating five millions of dollars for that purpose, and only last Saturday the President vetoed it. Why? Because it was money to be paid to Northern men for the destruction of Northern property. If it had been Southern property which had been destroyed—if it had been property in men—you would not have had a President Pierce to veto such a bill. No, never. Our masters say that Massachusetts shall never be paid—that the money received for French spoliations shall remain in the Treasury, and never go into the possession of the merchants of the North. *The South is our master.*

But, this is not the worst. Slavery has corrupted the North. See how. It has corrupted the mercantile class. All over the land, the merchants, in 1850, were in favour of slavery, and were hostile to freedom. So were the leading manufacturers all over the North. But, I ought to except one class of manufacturers. In Massachusetts, every twelfth man is a shoemaker. There was not a single leading shoe manufacturer in Massachusetts in favour of slavery (loud applause). I am glad you applaud the shoemakers. They richly deserve it (renewed applause). There were merchants and manufacturers exceptional to the rule I have laid down. But the leading men all around went for slavery—for kidnapping.

It has corrupted the political class. There are forty thousand office-holders, under the General Government, in the United States to-day. How many of them are friendly to freedom? Is there a man among them all who is? Read the journals of the party in power, and then ask. The Northern President is all for slavery. So is the Northern Cabinet, and Northern Ministers.

Slavery has debauched the Press. How many leading journals, commercial or political, are in favour of freedom? But, let me say here that there are some honourable exceptions in your own city (applause). There is the *New York Daily Times*, the *Evening Post* and *The Independent*, and, more than all, there is the *New York Tribune* (enthusiastic applause, which was repeated).

Our Colleges and Schools have been debauched and corrupted by slavery. Not many years ago, prizes used to be offered to students graduating, for dissertations on slavery, and the mode of extinguishing it. Then slavery was their theme. Now, all of those subjects are vetoed in the colleges. Presidents and professors are all friendly to the "peculiar institution." I think that there are not five conspicuous colleges in the North friendly to freedom. Just now, in Massachusetts, there was a kidnapper nominated as Law Lecturer of Harvard College. The Corporation nominated him. His nomination came before the Board of Overseers, that it might be confirmed. A prominent citizen of Boston wrote a pamphlet and sent a copy to each of the members of the Board of Overseers, asking that the kidnapper be retained. The pamphlet set forth this as the chief reason for desiring the retention of the kidnapper: The Law School does not depend on the North, but on the South, for its success, and it was profitable that it should have a kidnapper there in order that the South may see that we are not fanatical and hostile to slavery. It says there are in the Law School students from eleven slave States, whose tuition fees amount to $3,000 a year. Besides which, they spend in the town $10,000 a year more; and, in order to secure the money which they pay for wine, liquors, cigars and prostitutes, amounting, with the tuition, to $13,000, Massachusetts must sacrifice human freedom (shame, shame). This is the way that slavery has debauched our colleges. *Two cannot walk together unless they be agreed.* If slavery is to walk with freedom, freedom must go down. Our colleges, our presses, and our business in the North, must be agreed to support slavery.

Slavery has corrupted the Churches. There are eight and twenty thousand Protestant clergymen in the United States. How many in the North are conspicuous in their hostility to slavery. I could count them all on my ten fingers and not go over my hands many times. There are many noble exceptions in the North, in all the churches, of men who are hostile to slavery. But noble ministers, they are few and far between. Let me mention a fact. The Methodist Episcopal Church has 10,000 Sunday Schools, half a million of scholars, 100,000 teachers, and it has not a single anti-slavery Sunday School or teacher. It prints, on an average, 4,000 volumes per day, for 300 days in the year, but it never has printed a single line against slavery. The Orthodox Sunday School Union, in '53, spent one-quarter of a million, but not a cent against slavery. It prints books by the million for Sunday Schools, and but one of these books has got a sentiment in it against slavery. That sentiment is contained in the beautiful lines of Cowper, which were taught to me when a little child, sitting on my mother's knee:

> "I would not have a slave to till my ground,
> To carry me, to fan me when I sleep,
> And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
> That sinews, bought and sold, have ever earned."

That is the only anti-slavery sentiment they print. A few years ago, Mr. Gallaudet, of Connecticut, wrote a tract for the Sunday Schools about the selling of Joseph. It was stereotyped and was sent to the South. A little girl there read it, and she asked, if it was so wicked to sell Joseph to the Midianites, why was it not equally wicked to sell Dinah, and Sambo, and Pompey, and make them slaves? The Sunday School teacher reported this to head-quarters. The South sent a remonstrance to the Sunday School Society. "You are poisoning us with your religion, said they. And what do you think the Sunday School Society did? It suppressed the tract, melted the stereotype plates, and now you cannot, for love or money, get a copy of it of the Sunday School Society. The Society will not poison the South with religion, not they.

You all know the American Tract Society. That Society, last year, spent $800,000, and visited five hundred and sixty-eight thousand families—more than three millions of persons. But it never said an anti-slavery word and never printed an anti-slavery line. They published books in eleven languages, but never a word of anti-slavery—no, not one. When it finds a British book that suits its purpose, they reprint it here. But wherever the word "slavery" occurs, it is stricken out, and "iniquity" or "intemperance" inserted in its place (laughter). Slavery *has* corrupted the Church most *awfully*. When the great politicians of the country said "there is no higher law," then what did the ministers say—the ministers whose pulpits are the highest bottomed on the dollar? All around the land, Unitarian ministers, Trinitarian ministers, and *Nothingarian* ministers—all shouted, "Down with Jesus of Nazareth—up with the Fugitive Slave bill!" Surely, they did it. Did not a man go about to the various Lyceums, saying that, "rather than this Union should perish, he would sell into bondage the child of his affections, the wife of his bosom, and the mother that bore him. Yea, he would go into eternal bondage himself"? *Two cannot walk together unless they be agreed.* Slavery and Christianity, can they walk together?

Slavery corrupts the Judicial class. In America, no class of men have been so much honoured as the Judges. The reason is, and in the North more especially is this true, that the Judges have been eminent men, just men, wise men and humane men. But slavery puts in the Supreme Court a very different class of men—men who are willing to use the statutes to subserve the ends of iniquity and to tread inalienable rights under their feet. Look and see what conduct we have beheld in your city, Philadelphia and Boston, within the last few years. Why, we had a Judge in the Circuit Court of Massachusetts who, when he charged a Grand Jury that in case they should find, or fancy they find, that there was a contradiction between the law of God, which their religion called on them to keep, and the statutes of man, which he charged them to obey, told them that they must obey both (laughter). The law of God points up and says, "Reverence the inalienable rights of man." The law of Slavery points down and says, "Tread your coloured brother under your feet." And a Circuit Court Judge says, obey both. You know what has recently been done in Wisconsin, in the case of Mr. Booth, who was charged with aiding the escape of a fugitive slave. A jury of notoriously base men was packed, who had declared their intention to convict Mr. Booth; and when the officer was told that the jury was packed, he said that he did not care, the Judge wanted the jury to be packed. *Two cannot walk together unless they be agreed.* The Northern Judge must agree with the Southern Kidnapper, or else they cannot walk together.

The question before the people of America to-day is not "Shall we enslave the black man?" But it is, "Shall a Democracy prevail on this continent, or shall a Despotism be established here?" One of the two we shall surely have. There is no compromise between slavery and freedom. It is either freedom or slavery. If freedom, then Democracy everywhere. If slavery, then Despotism all over the land.

These are the designs of our masters now:

First, to seize Cuba. I thought they had done with that; but I judged too soon. You know what condition Cuba was in at the last advices. We know not yet who is at the bottom of the present dark movement there, but I suspect a dark hand and a darker head and a blacker heart which, in the Cabinet of this nation, has been so long plotting against the dearest rights of man. Yes, slavery must have Cuba.

Second, slavery must have Hayti.

Third, slavery must be restored all over the North. A year ago, Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, said to John P. Hale, "It will not be long before the slave master, with his slaves, will sit down at the foot of Bunker Hill monument." It is very easy to do this. I will tell you how. Slavery can get the Supreme Court to decree or "rule"—that is the phrase—that the slaveholders have a right, under the Constitution, to take their slaves into a free State and to stay there for a *limited* period, say five or six years—that the children of his slaves born north shall also be slaves. This accomplished, and it is easy to decree that the slaveholder may keep his slaves in a free State as long as he will. And I think that the Supreme Court, as it is now constituted, is ready to decree all these things any day. They are slave men, every man of them. Those born farthest north are not less pro-slavery than those born in the extremest south.

Fourth, Slavery designs to restore the African slave trade. That is very openly proclaimed by the leading newspapers at the South. A minister of Boston, having a Reverend before his name and a D.D. after his name, thinks that the restoration of the African slave trade would be a very good thing, as it would "promote the Christianization of the Africans" (laughter).

These are the measures they propose. Look back and see what has been accomplished within the last ten years, and then remember the manifold corruption of which I have just spoken. See what blows have been struck against freedom—against every State in the North, and for despotism. Despotism, as a principle, rides in on African slavery, as a measure.

I think the country was never in such danger as at this present crisis. I think there is no Government—no liberal Government—of Europe in such peril as the American Government has been during the last eighteen months. We have committed more sin against mankind than any other. The Pope has good qualities, no doubt. But he must be regarded as an enemy of mankind. He stands in the way of human freedom. He puts the liberties of Italy under his monastic heel. The Sultan of Turkey and the Czar of Russia, too, are tyrants. But, put all these three together, and they have not, by all their acts, so sinned against humanity as those who have controlled the four and twenty millions of the people of the United States. A year ago, it seemed as if they were like the youths spoken of in a story of the middle ages, who rioted and blasphemed till nigh dawn, whilst the monks were chanting the burial service around their room, and who, when they were informed that their wine was poisoned, dashed to the ground the antidote which could have saved one life.

But to-day things look a great deal better. There are two parties in the field opposing. One opposes morally, by words only; the other, the party that goes for action. For a great revolution, three things are required: First, to get a right sentiment recognised, which is a matter of feeling; next, to get the right thought, which is an idea; and, third, action. The first two things the old Anti-Slavery party has been doing during these last twenty years, aye, almost thirty years, unfailingly, in evil report, for there has been no good report for it. And I am glad to learn that this course of lectures is to close with a discourse by the most eminent man in this division of the Anti-Slavery party—that William Lloyd Garrison is to stand here (loud applause). One day America will search over all this continent to get marble white enough to build his monument, and shall not find it; and shall dig up California and Australia to get gold fine enough to write his name, and shall not find it (applause). One day America will honour him. This Anti-Slavery party has often done things badly. What great movement has ever accomplished its work without making mistakes? Did not the Apostles fall out? Did not Paul and Barnabas disagree? In new movements, things are done badly, to a greater or less extent. There is a great deal of chaff with very little wheat.

Then here is the other great Anti-Slavery party, which goes for action. There is no time to speak of that now. The Free Soil party has passed away, in a very great measure—at least for the present; and the Know-Nothing party, so called, has risen up. I am no "Know-Nothing," at least in the political sense (laughter). I like not their principles. I think they are false. Surely, the Catholics have the same right to their religion that I have to mine and the Protestants to theirs (applause). No man can be further than I am from Catholicism. I abjure its principles and abhor its measures; but, as I ask freedom for myself, I will give it to the Papist, and to the Mormon. They are wrong in opposing foreigners. Who are the native Americans? They are the red Indians. There are no others. I have not a drop of blood in my veins that did not come to this country within twenty years from the first settlement at Plymouth. But the oldest American family or the youngest family just come over here, if they have the Saxon blood, are children of the same great Father, and are born to the same inalienable rights (applause). I think the Know-Nothings are mistaken. But, they have done four admirable things. First, they have checked the men who control the Catholics in this country. They have shown the Catholic Bishops and Archbishops, who are tools of the Jesuits abroad, that they cannot use our Catholic population in the future as in the past. That is one very good thing (applause).

Second, they have shown American politicians that, in the future, they had better not, when they get up with their "fuss and feathers," call out for that "rich brogue." That is another good thing.

Third, they have checkmated the present Administration (applause). Last summer, the Administration was very certain that it should carry all the country; so it had a Conference of pro-slavery *diplomats*, at Ostend, last autumn, in order that they might unite upon the means to compel Spain to sell Cuba. That fell through. The Administration expected to carry the whole North. But the Know-Nothings organized themselves in secret, and, in many of their organizations, brought out the conscience of the North. In Massachusetts, in Ohio, and in many of the other States, the Know-Nothings clinched the wide-spread anti-slavery feeling into a single fist and smote it into the face of Mr. Pierce's Administration with most horrible effect (loud cheers). That is the third good thing they have accomplished.

The fourth is the best of all. They are knocking the old Whig and the old Democratic parties into pieces, and I say God bless them in that work, too (loud applause).

Now, I rejoice that the Know-Nothings are trying to cast out devils, though I am very sorry they have undertaken to it do with the finger of Beelzebub.

Just now things look more promising than they have ever before. But I shall weary you if I continue. (VOICES: "Go on," "Go on.")

Mr. PARKER (resuming)—Well, I will, since you wish it. I say, then, that things look promising now. But we must have unity of idea, or else there can be no unity of action. We have walked together until we have come to a point where the ways diverge and turn at right-angles. One leads to Freedom and Democracy, and the other to Slavery and Despotism. We have now got to part, or else we have got to lose all.

Now, there are three ways of settling this.

First, we can settle it through a dissolution of the Union. I do not suppose that this nation will hold together a hundred years. This great family of men, the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon, has got an intense love of individual liberty. It has likewise a great federative power. It likes the organization of people into separate States, each keeping its own Constitution. It never likes the consolidation of men into a great empire. A nation never forgets its ethnological tendencies, and I believe that there will be a great many Anglo-Saxon Republics. There will be one, I believe, in the Pacific, one in Central America, and then the great Republic, as it now exists, may be divided, though I do not see any likelihood of its being divided at the present time. Depend upon it, when the North gets her temper up high enough to dissolve the Union, instead of adopting that measure, she will say to the South, "Please God, we have walked together so long, and you have annoyed and disturbed us all this time; now, free every negro slave." I tell you,

ligion, of civilization, of morality. It is the care of masters there, who desire the countenance and fellowship of the community, to see that on the Sabbath day the slave attends the worship of the Supreme Being. The word is given to them by their own preachers or by white preachers, and they are instructed in religion.

* * * * * *

"I have been led to the reflection that, in the adaptation of labour to climate and production, it would be impossible to furnish supplies to meet demand, if it were possible to wipe out slavery and transfer every one of the Southern slaves to the soil of Africa. It would be impossible to supply one-fourth or one-sixth of the demand that has gradually grown up in the present condition of the country. The white man's labour could never supply that of the slave's, whose constitution is adapted to Southern labour, climate and production. It is not that the slave has to bear the burden and heat of the day. Our labourers rise with the sun, are allowed half an hour at breakfast, and two hours at noon, avoiding the heat of noonday, and return at night to their supper and repose. They are not overworked; yet, any white man undergoing the same process of labour would be unable to endure it. He would fall under the heat of the sun.

"The slaves are healthy, active and cheerful. They are of all people on earth the most happy. Have you ever heard of a slave committing suicide? If they were wretched and could not bear the chains, or the moderate slavery which they enjoy, they would have recourse to suicide to break their chains, and give their spirits freedom, but I never heard of a slave yet that committed suicide."

The General should read the papers. There are plenty of suicides of slaves on record. But suppose there were not, does that prove that they are happy? Do all unhappy people commit suicide? General Houston might as well argue that the convicts in our prisons are well off, and that it is no hardship to a man to confine him, and keep him at hard labour, because the penitentiaries are not emptied by a general jail delivery of suicide. Besides, if, as he says, the slaves are instructed in religion, and have the light of morality, they probably know better than to commit suicide. We presume that every slaveholder sees to it that his "valuable property" is taught, at least, that suicide is wrong, however much his education may be neglected on less vital points.

It will be seen from the extracts that General Houston declares it to be impossible for the South to get along without slaves. If they are transported to Africa, he says, not one-fourth or one-sixth of the demand for labour in that part of the country can be supplied. The white man *cannot* labour in the South to the extent that the black does. Yet, with that inconsistency which seems inseparable from Southern attempts to reason on the subject of slavery, it will be seen that, in another part of the lecture, the General speaks of colonization in Liberia, with approbation and hope, as a means of getting rid of slavery. He does not explain why it is desirable to get rid of so blessed and profitable an institution, nor why, if the South cannot do without negroes, they should all be exported to Liberia.

We have no room for further comments. We rejoice that General Houston has made his speech, as it shows how little the South has to say for herself. We can only reaffirm our conviction, after attentively considering this latter defence of slavery, that no reason, whatever, has yet been brought forward why the South should not emancipate her slaves, and put them in the condition of a free peasantry, under the dominion of laws, instead of leaving them, like brutes, at the mercy of individual caprice and individual responsibility. Restrain them by laws, compel them by laws to work, and no one will complain or object, however severe the laws may be, if they be only just and necessary.—*Boston Telegraph.*

The [Boston] *Atlas* makes some excellent comments on Houston's Lecture on Slavery. After justly complimenting the General on his good nature and freedom from the usual Southern bluster, it proceeds:

"Certainly, a weaker defence of slavery than Gen. Houston's we do not remember to have read. The amiable apologies of Dr. Adams rise into marvels of logic when compared with those of the Texan Senator; and even Dr. Cox—that wonderful compound of garrulity and grammar—seem rational in spite of his sesquipedalian words and unrelenting butchery of the English tongue. The lecture was weak, wandering and inconsistent; it urged nothing new, but stated the old points, in no very novel way.

"Gen. Houston makes, we believe, decided religious professions, the sincerity of which we do not question; yet his omission to speak of the morality or immorality of slavery, of its right and its wrong, strikes us as a little curious. He does not forget to urge the Gospel advantages which the negroes enjoy, and, from his glowing description, one might almost fancy that deep and fervent piety pervaded every quarterhouse, and a plerophory of salvation filled every black bosom and every white one throughout the Southern States. But, with all this love of religion, Gen. Houston does not once enquire whether slavery is religious. He tells us that the master gives the Sabbath to the slave, as he does, indeed, to his horses and his oxen; why are we not told by what equity pleadable in Heaven's High Chancery the same slave is despoiled of the six remaining days of the week?

"Gen. Houston seems to think that whatever is, is right; his sole defence of slavery is that it exists, his best apology for it is that money can be made out of it. He pleads for its perpetuity because, without it, the cotton-gin would stop, and the cotton-mill stop too. Indeed, so persistent is he in his notion that the profitable is necessarily the right, that he does not scruple to say to a Boston audience that Massachusetts would hold slaves if she could lessen the cost of constructing her railways by employing servile labour. He did not mean this as a sarcasm; he certainly did not mean it as an insult; he coolly stated it as a matter of fact—discreditable neither to our morality nor our humanity."

In vindication of Massachusetts, the *Atlas* states the well known fact that, at the very commencement of her career as an independent State, she deliberately divested herself of the power to hold slaves, by a clause in the Bill of Rights which was meant, by John Lowell who drafted it, as a prohibition of slavery, and was so construed by the Supreme Court.

The *Bee* states, with proper gravity, that Hon. Sam Houston is conscientiously opposed to dancing as an amusement. We regret that the good old gentleman is not also conscientiously opposed to slaveholding as a business. But, then, dancing is not so profitable as he affirms slaveholding to be.—*Ibid.*

KNOW-NOTHING WISDOM.

THERE was a Know-Nothing festival at New York on Thursday, to celebrate the birthday of Washington. The orator of the day was Hon. Thomas R. Whitney, "Past Arch Grand Sachem of the Arch Chancery of the United States." This gentleman with the grand long title had a good deal to say, in his oration, about slavery. Among other nonsense, he said, speaking of New York and of the year 1830:

"At that time, some of our more energetic Abolitionists of this State were joined by certain subjects of Great Britain, who, in unmeasured terms, denounced not only the institution of slavery, but all connected with it. Among these was William Lloyd Garrison."

The *Courier* copies this, together with some stupid abuse of the Abolitionists, and says:

"These are very good sentiments. If they were reuttered by the *Courier*, they would awake a perfect storm on the part of the Abolitionists, and we are glad to see our old and sometimes called exclusive doctrines so well set forth in such a good company. Let the 'Americans' go on, for, if these are their sentiments, there are other Americans who will go with them very heartily."

We have always suspected that ignorance as much as anything else was the cause of the *Courier*'s pro-slavery virulence. It is evident from the above that it mistakes Mr. Garrison for an Englishman—a very common mistake at the South, where they know as little of the Abolitionists, and abhor them as heartily, as the editor of the *Courier* does the English Aristocracy. But what shall we think of a Boston editor who is perpetually railing at the Abolitionists, and yet is so ignorant of them as to take Mr. Garrison for a British subject?

This Mr. Whitney, with the long title, we regret to say, is one of the "Hindoo" members elect of the next Congress. Before he goes to Washington, he should look a little into the history of the anti-slavery movement. In his present state of darkness, it will not be safe for him to open his mouth on the floor of the House of Representatives. As his first lesson, we will inform him gratuitously that Wm. Lloyd Garrison is a native of Newburyport, in this State, and has for a quarter of a century edited a paper in Boston, the occasional perusal of which would, in many respects, be of essential benefit to the Past Arch Grand Sachem, as far as the subject of slavery is concerned. We should judge from his late oration that his previous studies had been mostly confined to the Vedas, Puranas, and other sacred but somewhat antiquated books of the Hindoos.—*Ibid.*

IMPORTANT DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25, 1855.

AGAIN is the country threatened with a renewal of the agitation which so often has thrown into convulsions our national politicians. The bleeding wounds are opened afresh, and the spectre of disunion stalks abroad! Is there no one, outside of the capitol, willing to lift his hand to stay the horrid uprising? Where are Castle Garden and the Union Safety Committee? On Friday, the 23d, Mr. Toucey, from the Committee on the Judiciary, introduced in the Senate a bill for the removal of suits against United States officers and others, who are indicted in a State Court for misconduct in carrying out any law of the United States, on their petition for such removal, from the jurisdiction of the State Courts to that of the Federal Circuit Court. This measure is aimed at the recent legislation in Vermont, Connecticut and Michigan, obstructing the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law. Of course, such a project, curtailing the powers of the State Courts, so odious and insulting in its intent, could not be suddenly sprung upon the Senators from the free States without provoking a long and acrimonious debate. Considering the brief time allotted to the session for the transaction of its necessary business, it was most unwise to revive a discussion so irrelevant and so damaging to its movers. The only way, therefore, was to force the bill through without delay or deliberation; and this was most effectually done by a session of about thirteen hours, the Senate adjourning shortly after midnight.

The friends of the bill judiciously refrained for the most part from speaking, confining themselves in a great degree to interruptions of those who argued in opposition. The only able talking advocates of the bill were Benjamin, of Louisiana, and Douglas, the latter of whom, roused by the intimation of Wade that the Nebraska gentlemen, in view of their castigations at the late elections, ought to be a little less aggressive, replied in a speech which equally astonished by the boldness of its assertions and the singular ratiocination by which they were sustained. He attributed the late defeats of the Administration party, not to its deviation from the strict line of a judicious policy on the slavery question, but solely to the Know-Nothing mania. Chase, of Ohio, in a brief, but, as usual, a temperate and luminous statement, exposed the main objectionable features of the bill. Fessenden, of Maine, spoke but a few moments, yet with a dexterity and power of argument that even waked up that "egregious trifler," as Webster called him, Badger, of North Carolina. The latter, on Fessenden's alluding to his disregard of parliamentary decorum, a few days previous, in refusing a request of Mr. Chase for the postponement a private claim, as an example of the illiberal system adopted by the majority whenever slavery was in question, was actually thrown off his guard, but attempted his usual method of defence—the putting of subtle and embarrassing inquiries by way of interruption. He did not, however, take much by his motion, for he found in the Senator from Maine an antagonist, superior in courage, and, on that occasion at least, in his peculiar style of dialectics. He, therefore, wagged his head dissentingly and remained silent for the rest of the debate.

Gillette, of Connecticut, gladly embraced the occasion of his colleague's revival of the slavery question, to read an elaborate essay on slavery in the District of Columbia, the horrors of the institution being detailed and characterized in terms that would have evoked the admiration of an Abolition conventicle. The strength of his epithets, and the evident heartiness with which he applied them, had a reviving effect on the drowsy Southern Senators (not to speak it profanely), like a long pole in a cage of monkeys. They gathered round him as if he were a natural curiosity, asking all sorts of derisive questions, about as germane to his remarks as his remarks were to the precise subject presented in the bill before the Senate. Gillette, however, sailed on in his lecture, "with upright keel," unabashed, uttering *ore rotundo* every "horrid particular," and every unpalatable conclusion, garnished with snatches of anti-slavery poetry, and in periods of ornate denunciation, as smooth and well-rounded as the theme of a collegian. The Connecticut Senator is a man of rather singular appearance, tall, thin, with pointed features, black hair and eyes, exhibiting a highly excitable temperament, apparently possessing more moral than physical courage. The Senate never was regaled with such an entertainment before; and were it not for the late political demonstration at the North, I doubt if it would have swallowed it with even the bad grace they did. Jones, of Tennessee, a Western stump orator, who says little, but talks a great deal, followed. As might have been expected, the theme of his remarks was suggested by the outrageous statements of Mr. Gillette. Pettit, of Indiana, mentioned by Mr. Benton as "a dirty dog," discoursed *passim* on the different races of men, inferior and superior, neither affirming nor denying the canine attributes charged upon himself.

Wilson, of Massachusetts, was the next speaker. In the opinion of the Know-Nothings, this whole discussion was got up on his account, in order to draw him out, in time to affect the Virginia election. He defined his position, nevertheless, in a manner explicitly enough for his Free Soil allies, and yet with sufficient shrewdness to preserve his footing with the Know-Nothings. Whatever was offensive in his individual sentiments, he expressly relieved his party from all participation in. The new Senator is in a situation where a reticence and prudence, more than are constitutional with him, is required. Clayton and Dawson on one side, and on the other Seward, Sumner and Chase, are tugging at him. He has, however, already learned to cloak his anti-slavery sentiments under national and approved phraseology. The resolutions of '98 are his *vade mecum*, to which even Father Ritchie never appealed with more fervour than he. Still his constituents have no reason to be dissatisfied with his manifesto on this occasion.

Seward was in high spirits and spoke with unusual effect. He first took a humorous survey of all the extraneous topics that had been lugged into the discussion, announcing his opinion on each, and concluding with a warning against such aggressions upon the sovereignty of the State as were attempted in the Fugitive Slave law, and in bills of this kind now before the Senate. Bayard, of Delaware, considered the bill as necessary to the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law. Sumner, on the other hand, made that the ground of his objection, and eloquently protested against the statute of 1850, complaining of the injury to private claimants produced by the introduction of such a bill on a day set apart for private claims. Butler, of South Carolina, who, during the discussion, in some way or other, had passed through all moods of mind, from extreme truculence to an almost boyish good-nature, treated of one Ruffin, a Boston sea-captain, who preferred leaving his innocent coloured sailors in a Charleston jail rather than pay the two dollars exacted by the laws of South Carolina for their release, contenting himself with writing a "philanthropic letter" to Mr. Winthrop, in their behalf. By the frequent repetition of "two dollars" and "philanthropic letter," Mr. Butler managed to make his purpose very intelligible, which was to express his disapproval of the conduct of said Ruffin, if that be the Captain's name. The remarks of the South Carolinian afforded a peculiar entertainment to the hearers, imparting to them something of his own hilarity.

It was now after midnight, and, the debates being closed, a vote was taken on an amendment proposed by Mr. Sumner, repealing the Fugitive Slave law, which was rejected; yeas, nine; nays, thirty; Cooper, of Pennsylvania, voting in the affirmative; and Brodhead being absent. The latter Senator, disgusted with the South for voting against the iron manufacturers of his State, had previously declared, in the Senate, that, when the "storm of Abolition fanaticism" should next arise, he hoped the Senate would "find some more efficient ally than he expected to be." The vote was then taken on the original bill, which was agreed to by the same majority as before.

Such was the memorable debate of Friday, the 23d of February, 1855. The reluctance of the advocates of the measure adopted for the discussion of its merits, the haste with which it was forced through the Senate, and the boldness of its adversaries—elated by the expectation of reinforcements at the next session—are full of significance. If the bill is to be introduced in the House, it would be well to finish the regular business of the session first, as a storm will be raised not at all propitious for the success of any further legislation. Several representatives have declared their willingness to pass the week in their seats, if necessary, to oppose the measure. On whom lies the responsibility for it?

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, Feb. 24, 1855.

Fessenden, Seward and Wade, made the most gallant fight against the Slave Oligarchy, on Friday, that I ever witnessed in the Senate. Mr. Chase was unwell, or he would, of course, have borne an equal part in the debate. As it was, his counsel and influence were not wanting among his colleagues. Mr. Gillette and Mr. Sumner, although they made good speeches, seemed unprepared for the contest. Douglas, who has been quite subdued thus far this session, was himself again, rampant, impudent and smart. The word *smart* just describes Douglas. He is just a red-combed fighting cock, ready for steel spurs, or foul play of any kind. And it must be confessed that, yesterday, his speech had one ingredient in it usually wanting. Much that he said about the Know-Nothings was too true. The "Order" has given to him all the arrows he had in his quiver. It is to be regretted that those arrows can be used in a contest against Freedom. Mr. Benjamin again espoused the cause of the slaveholders. He is a young man, and will live to regret it. The persecutions his own race (the Jews) has suffered should have made him the champion of the oppressed of every other race.

Mr. Mason, of Va., marshalled the overwhelming forces of Slavery in the Senate, and arrogantly defied the "little band of traitors," as Jones, of Tenn., stigmatized them. Mr. Butler was pretty drunk, and so, of course, was impudent and ungentlemanly. His witless attempts to ridicule Mr. Gillette were entirely harmless. His great forte on such occasions is to converse in a loud voice while another Senator is speaking. Any Northern member would be peremptorily called to order for such rudeness. There are one or two other Senators who indulge in this annoyance, but to a much less extent.

I wish the whole country could have witnessed the scene of Friday. Readers of the debates at a distance may think it all very easy and pleasant on the part of those in the right to maintain their cause here. But when they remember that the Senate and the audience are four-fifths on the side of slavery, as well as the Government, wealth and fashion of the city, they will more justly appreciate the position of the noble men who *always* stand up to the fight. The speeches yesterday, especially those of Fessenden, Wade and Seward, were encouraging and inspiring, but the vote was small, owing, in part, to absentees.

From The Liberator.

MY CHOSEN QUEEN.

No fealty will I pay to any Queen
Who wears her crown by accident of birth,
As though she were not made of common earth,
Yet has no innate goodness to be seen.
The only one I bow to is, I ween,
Impartial LIBERTY, whose matchless worth
Early inflamed my spirit to go forth,
And all Oppression's edicts contravene.
She is the passion of my soul, for whom
I count no sacrifice too great to make,
E'en though it lead me to an early tomb,
Or send my body to the fiery stake;
For welcome be the martyr's bloody doom,
If thereby the oppressed their chains may break.

Boston, Feb. 15, 1855. W. L. G.

ARREST OF SLAVE-CATCHERS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 21—6 P. M.

OUR borough has been thrown into a state of excitement, for the past twenty-four hours, in consequence of a daring attempt of an obnoxious slave-catcher, and two unprincipled coloured men, to kidnap a free coloured boy, at a late hour on Friday night. The names of the accused are "Sol." Snyder (a well-known trafficker in human blood, and the "stool-pigeon" of the Southern soul-drivers, for this vicinity), James Thompson, coloured (at large), and David Jackson, coloured, formerly of Holidaysburg in this State.

The boy upon whom this bold attempt to rob him of his freedom was made is named George Clark, aged about eighteen years, and was born and raised in Carlisle, Pa.

Clark had been lured from a dance house kept by a coloured man above Harrisburg, under the pretext of being sent on an errand for brandy for the occasion. Thompson and Jackson accompanied him, and took him to Snyder's residence, in the lower section of our borough, and invited him up stairs to get some grog. Immediately after entering Snyder's room, the latter fastened the door and said: "Clark, I am going to send you" or "take you back to your master." A struggle ensued; the boy made for a window fronting on the dépot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, broke the sash through—severely cutting his arm—and raised the cry of "Murder." A number of citizens and coloured folks made for the spot, and found Clark hanging out of the window, some forty feet from the ground, head downward, and Snyder and his wife holding on to the *other end* in good earnest. A party rushed up stairs, and learned from the boy that he was a free negro; that an attempt had been made to knock him down and gag him, and that his only refuge was a precipitous exit from the window.

Snyder, who stood like a felon detected in his wicked act, and had nothing to say for himself, was immediately taken before a magistrate, and thence to prison. Jackson has been captured since, but Thompson made his escape.

At 10 1-2 o'clock, Snyder had a hearing before Esquire Reader, and was committed in default of $1,000 bail; at least, the security was not forthcoming at the time of this writing, nor is there any likelihood of any individual involving himself in so dangerous a case—a *prima facia* act of kidnapping. Snyder is an inveterate slave-hunter, and has barely escaped the penalty of the law on two or three former occasions, while one of his accomplices was driven from this community, with the mark of Cain upon his brow, and remained abroad for a period of two years. Latterly, since settling the affair, he has been permitted to come into this community, but is now an object for the finger of scorn to point at.

"Sol" has at last been caught, and his attempts to refute the serious charge brought against him will be of no avail. "Justice is slow, but certain," was never so truthfully verified as in this instance. During the examination of Snyder, the magistrate's office and vicinity of the prison were filled with spectators, and the joy of the coloured population knew no bounds on beholding their inveterate enemy in the hands of the officers of the law.

Jackson is to have a hearing on Monday. The officers are in search of Thompson but up to this hour he has eluded their vigilance.

Numerous witnesses have been placed under bonds to appear at the next term of Court, when the matter will be tried; and there is no particle of doubt that the kidnappers will be dealt with to the fullest extent of the law. Numerous instances of a similar nature, it is alleged, have occurred in our community, and so adroitly were they managed that no one was conversant with the fact until too late for "practical purposes."

The cries of the intended victim, Clark, were heart-rending, and soon brought a large crowd to Snyder's residence; and the paint from the weather-boarding of the building is scratched off in long, broad marks, showing how dexterously the boy's heels were employed in his endeavours to free himself. KEYSTONE.

THE RANDOLPH NEGROES.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

SHELBY COUNTY, Ohio, Jan. 29, 1855.

THE question has often been asked, *What has become of the Randolph Negroes?* Having made some inquiry upon the subject, during my residence here, I will give the readers of the *Tribune* such information as I possess. It will be recollected that John Randolph, of Roanoke, by will emancipated his slaves, and made monetary provision to have them settled on lands purchased for them somewhere out of Virginia (the laws of that State prohibiting emancipated slaves remaining there). In compliance with provisions of the will, Mr. Lee, the agent, purchased lands for them in Mercer County, in this State, and brought on the negroes, numbering about 400, to make their settlement; but citizens of that County (mostly Germans and Irish) raised a mob, and refused to allow the negroes to settle. This was deemed a hardship, and deeply regretted, not only in Northern States, but also by the friends of humanity at the South. And well might humanity weep over the wretched condition of the poor negro, and with shame contemplate the tyranny and cruelty of the white race, boasting of its civilization and Christianity, when Gov. Smith of Virginia (Extra Billy), in his message to the Legislature, urged, with a zeal and importunity becoming a better cause, that the State should send beyond her limits all her free blacks or reduce them to slavery, while Free Soil Ohio refused to be made an asylum for the emancipated slave, persecuted and driven from his native home. But the Randolph negroes were not driven from the State. Christian people, moved with pity, took them under their patronage, and procured them temporary homes among the citizens of this and two or three adjacent counties. The negroes were ultimately suffered to settle on their lands, and I learn that they are mostly living on farms of their own, and doing pretty well; much better, in fact, than could be expected under the circumstances. Indeed, it is rather surprising that persons raised as they were should prove to be so little troublesome and burdensome to the community in which they reside. They are said to be giving attention to education, living comfortably, and promising improvement in their condition.

LUCY STONE.—The Rev. A. Battles, writing to the *Gospel Banner*, from Bangor, Me., says: "Miss Lucy Stone has also been here, and spoke to immense and admiring audiences. No lecturer we have had so attracts. Her graceful delivery, and simple beauty of style, combined with her deep earnestness of lofty thought, make her not only an attractive but a very efficient speaker. She does not convince so much by her logic as she wins by her beautiful spirit and noble utterance. Her strength lies in the depth of her affections, her chaste rhetoric, and the justice of her words. She sometimes speaks like one inspired. She is one of the most womanly women I ever knew. Her appearance on the platform has not, I should think, operated in the least to blunt that nice sense of delicacy which is one of the crowning beauties of woman. Not only is she thus attractive in her public performances, but in the retirement of social life also. In her presence, one feels the influence of a superior spirit consecrated to duty and humanity, and actuated by a lofty faith and animating charity. She is intelligent, cheerful, modest and earnest. I know some think she is out of her sphere, but for myself I feel grateful that such a noble and Christian woman is appealing to her sex, and endeavouring to arouse them to use their best powers in a way that shall be most fitting for their own development, and the elevation of their race. If Jenny Lind and Madame Sontag may pour forth their best thoughts and feelings in divine song, in the presence of applauding throngs, why may not Lucy Stone express her best thoughts and feelings in divine speech in public? Let those whose hearts are full of melody sing; let those who are not gifted with song speak, especially if they have aught to say. Let them speak when they can find an ear to hear."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1855.

THE CASE OF EDWARD G. LORING.

MR. COMMISSIONER LORING is one of those unhappy persons who have acquired notoriety in their generation, and a place in history, very much to their own astonishment. Unlike Lord Byron, he awoke one morning and found himself *in*famous. So dull was he in noting the signs of the times, so purblind had he grown by fixing his eyes on the circumference of a narrow circle and taking it for the boundless horizon, so overweening in his faith in the omniscience of his *clique* and the omnipotence of State Street, that he had not marked the revolution which had been going on under his very nose, and the changes which two or three years had brought forth. A somnambulic Rip Van Winkle, he had been walking between his house and the Probate Court, dreaming all the while that it was still 1850, and that Daniel Webster and the Property and Standing of Boston were yet looking forward to their Reward for supporting the Compromises of that year. He did not know that, verily, they had all had it! Webster, in the broken heart which laid him away, "where by the upbraiding shore he sleeps," and all the rest of them in the consciousness of having been cajoled and cheated, and of having "filed their mind" for the rickety issue of the Mexican War, now on the throne. He thought, good easy man, that negro-catching was as good a trade to thrive by after as before an election. And, having a good office in suspense, dependent on the voices of the guardian deities of Harvard College, he thought to propitiate their favour by the sweet-smelling sacrifice of a human victim. But he had out-staid his market. He came an age too late (for two years *is* an age in these fast times), and his wares, though good and serviceable, were stale and a drug. And now he finds that he has not merely been ousted from his Lectureship, but stands in imminent peril of being kicked out of his comfortable Probate Court for his pains.

It is true that all Hunkerdom is moved to save him. There will be no lack of the influences, personal and otherwise, which have hitherto controlled the legislation of Massachusetts, to throw dust in the eyes of his Judges and to move them to show a mercy towards him for which poor Burns looked in vain to him. All the outcries by which effete fogyism seeks to terrify robust but simple-minded Public Sentiment will be shouted in their ears. The utter subversion of the social order, the community of goods, the disorders, irreligion and immorality which will flow from their exercising a clear power, should they think this a case which calls for its use, will be tricked out to frighten them from their propriety. They will be told of the "Independence of the Judiciary," of the Sacredness of the Office of a Judge, of the danger of setting such an example; how

> "'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
> And many an error by the same example
> Will rush into the State."

And all the rest of the commonplaces which men who think they are wiser than all other men mistake for wisdom will be administered to them *usque ad nauseam*. But we trust the Legislature will remember that though it is very important that the Judges should be *independent*, there is one thing more vital yet, and that is, that they be *respectable*. The respect and confidence of the people is the very breath of the nostrils of the Judiciary. When it is lost, by immorality, inhumanity or injustice, and one has justly become a stench and an offence, it is of no use to try and sweeten him by the *prestige* which belongs only to good Judges. The presence of such a man on the Bench does more to degrade it, and to strip the Judges of that reverence in which consists their true independence, than any assaults of demagogues upon them. The mildewed ear must blast its wholesome brother. It is a true conservatism that would cut off the offending member that the rest might live the purer without him. This is no case of a removal for a political opinion. Such a one has never happened in that State, and is not to be anticipated. It is for a moral crime, which makes its perpetrator a loathing to the best part of the people. Let an example be made now, and such another scandal will never happen.

Distrust of the People, both in their original capacity and in the persons of their representatives, lies at the root of all that is sincere and real in this resistance to the removal of Judge Loring. It is feared that, if he be removed for his participation in the kidnapping of Burns, some other Judge may be removed for some other cause, other than malversation in office. But the power to remove a Judge by Address has been in existence in Massachusetts for seventy-five years, and has been used but once (for the removal of a Judge who had become idiotic); and is it likely the elements of human nature which have so controlled the use of this power for so long will now be changed to habitual abuse of it? It was provided for special and exceptional cases, in which a Judge should have lost the respect and confidence of the State, so as to be an unfit occupant of the Bench, and yet without doing anything strictly amenable to Impeachment or Indictment. Supposing Matt. Ward, of Kentucky, had been a Judge there, though he had been declared an innocent man by a Jury, would even Kentucky have permitted him to remain a Judge, knowing him to be a murderer? Supposing Dr. Webster had been a Judge and had been acquitted on some technical point, would Boston itself have tolerated him on the Bench, though in the eye of the Law an honest man? Had Judge Loring, in some capacity aside from his Judgeship, Satanterized Boston, bringing bankruptcy into State Street, and impoverishment and ruin to thousands of homes, would not the very stones of State Street have risen up to testify against him and to pelt him out of his Office? Of course, they would. The difficulty is that the well-to-do and easy Boston gentlemen who remonstrate against this dismissal do not look upon a man who has given up to utter bankruptcy and careless ruin the mind and body, the sinews, blood and brains of a human being, for no fault but loving liberty too well, as so great a crime as swindling and thimble-rigging on a great scale. We trust that the Legislature, as it has had so much new blood infused into it, and as it comes directly from the people as perhaps no previous one ever did, will look on a Man as of more value than many Railway Shares, and deal accordingly with the unjust Judge that condemned him to Slavery.

An absolute and despotic power, like that of the Removal of a Judge by Address, is, of course, to be used sparingly and with the wisest discretion. That it has been so used in Massachusetts, the historical fact, just mentioned, proves. But the fact that such a power exists by the sovereign pleasure of the people also proves that it was meant for use, when the exigent necessity arose. It was not meant to rust on the walls of the State Armory merely as a terror to evil-doers. It was meant for use when the needful time came. The existence, and the absolute and despotic nature of this power, Mr. Phillips proved beyond a cavil, in his great argument before the Legislative Committee. The people even refused to require that notice should be given to an offending Judge, before execution was done upon him. The Legislature may to-morrow morning hold a session with closed doors and Address the Governor for the Removal of all the Supreme Judges of the State, for no cause assigned, and he may act upon it. So, in two hours, a whole Bench might be decapitated, without their knowing anything about it, and without any cause assigned, between breakfast and dinner. Of course, this is an extreme and impossible case, but it illustrates the nature of the power. This great power was wisely given for good uses. It is not to be left unused in a proper case, for fear that it may be employed in a wrong one. Such a course of reasoning and action would be an insult to our Fathers, to Ourselves and to our Posterity. This Legislature is not bound to retain a man it deems unfit for an office, lest, peradventure, some General Court yet unborn may make their justice a pretence for an injustice. Let each generation take care of its own affairs, cautiously, deliberately, prudently—but with the caution, deliberation and prudence of true wisdom, and not of cowardly expediency.

The exercise of extraordinary powers, or the recurrence to reserved and natural rights, always excites the uneasy apprehensions of a large class in every community. It is natural and reasonable that it should be so. And yet it is only by the exercise of extraordinary powers, and by appeals to natural and inalienable rights, that all the great progressions of the world have been made. When the British Parliament erected a High Court of Justice to try their King, it shocked multitudes of good and prudent, if not wise, men. And yet Kings were taught in this way that lesson in Natural History of which old Lord Auchinleck boasted to Dr. Johnson, "that they had a joint in their necks," as they never would have learnt it otherwise. And the Constitutional Liberty of Great Britain (the reality of which ours is but the counterpart) is proof of their forecast and statesmanship. So of the Revolution of 1688, of that of 1789 in France, and of every appeal to first principles from the prescriptions of long-established tyranny. Men dreaded them as they approached, and distrusted them as they proceeded; but forth of these have come whatever advancement the race has made. We have no fear of the verdict which posterity will pass upon this Removal of Judge Loring, should the Legislature have the virtue to execute it. The public feeling throughout the State demands it. It is, to our mind, the most encouraging sign of the times, the symptom that looks the most as if the old spirit of '76 were not yet quite extinct—this outery from all parts of the State that the man who wrought this wickedness should judge Israel no more. The Hour has come for the Man. The occasion offers, obtrudes itself, for a wholesome exercise of this necessary though extreme power. Its exercise now will save the State, for three-quarters of a century more, from the necessity of another example. The violation of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the Public Opinion of his State, organized into the Law of 1843; the technical and pettifogging spirit of his Remonstrance; the unlawyerlike and unjuridilike character of his proceedings in the case; the peculiar delicacy and importance of the trust placed in his hands, even the care of the most helpless of their own people; demand that a great example be made. It is a great and extraordinary power that they are called upon to use. But mischief can only flow from their neglect of it, and not from their putting it to its just use. Let

> "That two-handed engine at the door
> Stand ready to strike once and strike no more!"

Its existence shown, and its use vindicated, it may be put away again for a century. It will make our Judges as careful as English Kings how they put themselves within its peril.

SLAVERY AND THE BIBLE.

THE *New York Observer* is sorely shocked whenever it is intimated that such wickedness as is involved in American slavery cannot be sanctioned by the Bible. Now, with most Christians, the *internal* evidences of the truth of revelation are more satisfactory than those which are external. History and tradition do not compel the assent of our judgment with the same force as the holiness, benevolence and wisdom of the book itself. We find precepts adapted to human nature in all ages and under all circumstances, and framed with such supernatural wisdom that, if obeyed, they would render this wretched world a universal paradise, the abode of virtue and happiness.

All stuff! argues the *New York Observer*. Don't presume to test the truth of the Bible by *your* ideas of right and wrong. What if you think slavery diabolical—what if, by universal extension, it should render the world one vast prison-house, reeking with licentiousness, resounding with groans, and the seat of ignorance, degradation and heathenism, how dare you, audacious infidel, say such an institution cannot be approved by a holy, just and merciful God? Suppose slavery is, in your opinion, in direct antagonism to numberless declarations and injunctions of Scripture, is it for such as you to solve divine mysteries? There are plenty of holy men who are slave-breeders and slave-traders, and plenty of Cotton Divines at the North, ready to take gangs of Alabama negroes when they can get them, and surely these pious men understand the Bible as well as any infidel Abolitionist. Mrs. Stowe wrote an "unchristian book," and Dr. Adams tells us how much harm it has done. Awful times these, when we pretend to say what God can and cannot sanction.

Such are, in substance, the ravings of the *Observer*, a paper that is giving aid and comfort to infidelity, and great cause to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme. The following extract from the writings of ABBE RAYNAL will, of course, excite the indignation of the *Observer*, but it will show him and others that it was maintained, before Garrison was born, that had the Bible sanctioned American slavery, it would not have been the Word of God.

The Abbé Raynal, after describing the slave trade, exclaims, "Ah! if there existed a religion which tolerated, which authorized, only by its silence, horrors like these; if, occupied with idle or contentious questions, it did not ceaselessly thunder against the authors or the instruments of this tyranny; if it made it a crime for the slave to break his chains, if it suffered in its bosom the unjust Judge who condemned the fugitive to death—if this religion existed, would it not be necessary that *its altars should be broken down and left in ruins?* 'But these negroes were born slaves.' Whom will you cause to believe that a man can be the property of a Sovereign? a son the property of a father? a woman the property of a husband? a negro the property of a planter? The contempt with which you treat them falls back upon yourself. You have no ground of self-respect but what is common to you with them. A common Father, an immortal soul, a future life—here is your true glory, and here is their glory. 'But they are happier in America than they were in Africa.' Why, then, do they continually sigh for their native land? Why do they resume their liberty as soon as they can? Why do they prefer deserts and the society of wild beasts to a state which appears to you so agreeable? Why does their despair induce them to put an end to themselves, or to poison you? When you tell us of the happiness of your slaves, you lie to yourselves and you deceive us. The last argument employed to justify slavery says that 'slavery is the only way of conducting the negroes to eternal blessedness by means of Christian baptism.' Mild and loving Jesus! could you have foreseen that your benign maxims would be employed to justify so much horror? If the Christian religion thus authorized avarice in governments, it would be necessary *forever to proscribe its dogmas.*"—*Historie Philosophique et Politique des établissemens et du Commerce des Européens dans les Deux Indes, par G. T. Raynal.* 1780.

SENATORIAL TINKERING OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

LETTERS from Washington, in another column, will inform our readers of a debate, which took place in the Senate on the 23d inst., upon the passage of a bill, reported from the Judiciary Committee by that supple doughface, Mr. Toucey, of Connecticut, "to protect officers and others acting under the authority of the United States"—in other words, to facilitate slave-catching by enabling the United States authorities to override and defy the State Judiciary. The bill was debated till midnight, when it was passed by yeas 29, nays 9. The spirit of the debate, and the names of those who participated therein, may be gathered from the letters above referred to. The full report has not yet (we are writing on Wednesday) appeared in the *Globe*, and the telegraphic sketch is evidently very imperfect. Mr. Seward's speech—acknowledged on all hands to be one of his best efforts—is already before us, but we are compelled to defer its publication till next week.

The anti-slavery Senators, so far as they were able to speak at all, appear, with a single exception, to have done themselves credit. We are sorry to say that the exception was the new Senator from Massachusetts, the Hon. Henry Wilson. If he is not grossly libelled by the telegraphic report, he uttered a sentiment as atrocious in itself as it was insulting to his constituents. He is reported as follows:

"Mr. WILSON was ready to carry out every provision of the Constitution, but was opposed to the existence of slavery in the District of Columbia or in the Territories of the United States, and he and those who acted with him were determined to abolish it there. They believed they shared the responsibility of its existence wherever it was under the control of Congress, and they desired to relieve themselves of that responsibility. *He earnestly desired the perpetuity of the Union, and thought that if the Fugitive Slave law should be repealed that the provisions of the Constitution would be carried out by the States themselves.*"

This either means that the Free States, in the contingency referred to, would be willing to catch slaves, or it does not. If this is what Mr. Wilson meant, he will find the confidence of his anti-slavery constituents fading under the revelation of his treachery; and if such was not his meaning (supposing him to be correctly reported), we do not see how he can avoid the imputation of attempting to cheat the South by employing a phraseology which *seems* to convey what it does not. But we are unwilling to believe that Mr. Wilson used the language attributed to him, and shall await the appearance of the authentic report of the debate, in the hope that he will be found occupying a position worthy of his antecedents and of the cause of which he has been regarded as a faithful and reliable champion.

RIGHTS OF COLOURED PEOPLE VINDICATED.

THE hardships and insults so long suffered by the coloured people of this city, in consequence of the general refusal of omnibus and railroad proprietors to permit them to enjoy equal rights as passengers, are, we hope, nearly at an end; the Supreme Court (Brooklyn Circuit, Judge Rockwell presiding) having made a decision which places that class of our citizens upon an equality with all others. The decision referred to was made in the case of Elizabeth Jennings vs. the Third Avenue Railroad Company. The circumstances attending the expulsion of Miss Jennings from one of the cars of that company, last Summer, as

Mr. Giddings represents are disposed to press this issue on us, let us go into a body by ourselves, and leave the other party to go into a body by themselves.

At this point the debate diverged into Know-Nothingism, where we do not care to follow it.

GEN. CAMERON DEFEATED.

We announce, with great satisfaction, the failure of that unscrupulous politician, Gen. Simon Cameron, to secure an election to the U. S. Senate from Pennsylvania. The two Houses of the Legislature met in Convention on Tuesday and balloted three times, with the following result: *First Ballot*—Cameron 55, Buckalew 23, scattering 52. *Second Ballot*—Cameron 54, Buckalew 23, balance scattering. *Third Ballot*—Cameron 55, the rest about as before. At the trial a week previous, Cameron's vote went up to 59. He lost instead of gaining ground by delay. The Convention then, by *one* majority, voted to adjourn to the first Tuesday in October next—in other words, to postpone the election indefinitely.

In September last, Cameron was a member of a Democratic County Convention which opposed the Nebraska bill, Pierce's Administration, denounced Nativism, &c. Now he expected to be elected on the strength of the following pledges:

HARRISBURG, Friday, Feb. 9, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I have, at 12 o'clock, received your letter of this morning, and reply to it immediately. To your first interrogatory:

"Have you ever, at any time, been, or are you now, or will you ever be, in favour of the so-called Kansas Nebraska bill, passed by Congress at its last session?"

Answer—From the day it was introduced in the Senate to this time, I have been opposed to the bill, nor shall I ever favour it.

2. "Would you, if elected to the Senate of the United States, use all honourable and fair means to effect the restoration of the so-called Missouri Compromise, which was literally and virtually abrogated by the passage of the aforesaid Kansas Nebraska bill?"

In answer—I would.

3. "Would you, if elected to the Senate of the United States, use all honourable and fair means in your power to effect a repeal of what is commonly known as the 'Fugitive Slave law?'"

Answer—The passage of the Compromise Measure was acquiesced in by the North, and I had hoped the questions growing out of it had been settled; but as the South has been the first to violate it, I hold the bill subject to revision, and will act with the North upon this and all questions connected with the subject of slavery! I answer—I will.

4. "Do you recognise the right of Congress, and if so, would you act upon such right, and use your vote and influence to legislate for all Territories now belonging, or which may hereafter be acquired, by the United States, to the utter and entire exclusion of slavery or involuntary servitude in said Territories?"

My answer is that I recognise the right, and would so legislate.

5. "Would you oppose, by all and every honourable and fair means in your power, the extension of slavery and involuntary servitude over territory now free, or anywhere or any time, now or hereafter, wherever or whenever it may be endeavoured, by its friends, to introduce it?"

For an answer to this, I could readily refer to my Senatorial course—especially my vote on the Wilmot Proviso; but that there may be no misunderstanding, I emphatically answer in the affirmative.

6. "Would you at all times, and upon all occasions, protect and preserve inviolate in this respect, as in all others, the rights, immunities and privileges of the North, as guaranteed to them by our Constitution and laws, against any and all encroachments of our sister States, comprising and composing the Southern part of our National Confederacy?"

Answer—A Northern man who would not protect and preserve the rights of the North is unworthy of the respect of any honourable man, and for those rights I would battle until the last, either in a public or private station.

7. "Are you in favour of, and would you vote, act and use your influence in favour of, such a system of public rates and duties as would most effectually, and beyond all doubt, guard our home industry and manufactures against foreign competition and pauper labour?"

Answer—My principles have always been in favour of the "American System." I have never doubted as to what was the true policy of the country, and I answer your interrogatary in the affirmative.

8. "Do you still, in this respect, adhere to and abide by the sentiments and doctrines contained in the speech delivered by you in the Senate of the United States on the 19th day of July, 1846?"

Answer—I most certainly do.

9. "Do you recognise the right of Congress to legislate and make appropriations for the improvement of our rivers and harbours?"

I do recognise the right—greatly deplore the Executive vetoes on this subject, and will use every means in my power for the passage of bills for the Improvement of Rivers and Harbours.

10. "Are you in favour of such a change in our National laws, pertaining to the naturalization of foreign citizens, as will compel all of them arriving in this country, after the passage of such an act, to remain in this country at least 21 years before being entitled to the rights of suffrage, as they now possess them, and will you use your vote and influence to accomplish such change?"

This, your last interrogatory, I answer in the affirmative.

It was noon when I received your letter. Visitors and friends have crowded my room since I commenced writing, or I should have written more in detail. Your inquiries were direct—the answers are as direct and to the point. Still I must regret that I have not time to elaborate more fully. Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

SIMON CAMERON.

J. M. Kirkpatrick, Esq.

GENEROUS TRIBUTE TO GARRISON.—In giving notice to his congregation, on Sunday last, of the lecture delivered by Mr. Garrison on Tuesday evening, the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER paid a spontaneous and honourable tribute to that eminent philanthropist for his unswerving fidelity, during all the trials of the last twenty years and more, to the great principles enunciated by him at the beginning of his career. However widely we may differ from Mr. Garrison, said Mr. Beecher, on many important subjects, we cannot deny that, while multitudes, who ran well for a time, afterwards faltered and turned back, he has stood firm and unmoved, like a cliff in a storm, uttering his testimony against slavery with unwavering pertinacity, in the face of such opposition as it has been the lot of few men to encounter. He can look back on the history of the last twenty years and see the road over which he has travelled strewed with the wrecks of men, not a few of them ministers and Doctors of Divinity, who fell before the temptations of the time like grass before the mower. We admire heroism like this even when it is exhibited on the wrong side of a great public question; much more ought we to do so when we see it displayed in the service of Truth and Liberty. Mr. Beecher said, furthermore, that he had no sympathy with the narrowness which leads some clergymen to refuse to notify their congregations of lectures on such a subject as slavery, merely because the speaker did not agree with them in his theological views. He could wish that his congregation might be indoctrinated on the subject of slavery, as well as upon other great moral questions, by men holding evangelical views; but, alas! in this age we too often find sound theology in one pen and practical Christianity in another, and men must visit both to obtain the whole truth. He would not insult his congregation nor dishonour the truth he preached so much as to suppose for a moment that his work among them as a minister, on fifty-two Sundays in the year, could be frustrated and upset by a lecture from anybody. He would encourage his people to hear all sides of every public question, in order that they might be able to form an intelligent judgment as to their own duty.

We do not pretend to give Mr. Beecher's exact words, but the above is the substance of a speech which occupied some ten minutes. It was as honourable to the speaker as it was unexpected to us, and, we presume, to every one in his congregation.

WHAT WILL THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DO?—Great interest is felt all over the country as to the course which the President and his subordinates may pursue in relation to the case of Rycraft and Booth. Will they attempt to enforce the verdict of the District Court, or, acting upon the maxim that "discretion is the better part of valour," will they submit in silence to the decision of the Wisconsin Supreme Court? Time only can settle this question, but a gentleman from Wisconsin, who was in this city a few days since, informed us that he saw Marshal Ableman here on his return from Washington, whither he had gone for instructions as to the course to be pursued, and that that worthy functionary told him that the conclusion was to *do nothing*—the Administration not deeming it wise, in the circumstances, to risk a further conflict with the State authorities. Such is the fruit of a little Northern pluck, judicially as well as judiciously exercised. Let Wisconsin stand firm. She has achieved a victory, not for herself alone, but for the whole North, the importance of which it is hardly possible to over-estimate.

GENERAL HOUSTON ON SLAVERY.

THE lecture on Slavery, delivered in Boston, last week, by Gen. Houston (the veritable "Sam" of the Know-Nothings), does not seem to have added much to his reputation either as a statesman or a public speaker. It is evident that he did not feel himself at home on the subject, in the presence of a New England audience, and that the fear of injuring his prospects, either at the North or the South, as a Presidential candidate, haunted his imagination and impeded his utterance. In another column will be found some remarks upon the Lecture, from the Boston *Telegraph*, to which we invite attention. The Boston correspondent of the *Evening Post* speaks of the General's effort in the following terms:

"General Houston's lecture on the "peculiar institution" is not calculated to advance his Presidential prospects very much in this part of the Union. People may talk as much as they please about liking to hear all sides; it's all gammon; they may be willing to read books and articles containing views antagonistical to their own, but there is something about an opposition voice that "goes home to their bosoms" in a very different sense from the meaning that the words generally convey. It may be true that negro labour is a necessity for the South; but does it follow that the labourers must be slaves? When people are very much needed anywhere, it is the custom to hold out great inducements for them to go there; but I never heard that slavery was among the benefits promised. To enslave a man in order that you may be able to compel him to work where you cannot work yourself, is a very shrewd thing, no doubt; but it is the doing of a malevolent intelligence, which abuses its superiority.

"Our Know-Nothings do not like to be told that the excellent material condition of the North is due to foreign labour, and that without its influx we never should have had our railroads, &c. This may be true, but to them it is an unpleasant truth. It is a direct and very strong reflection on their conduct. Hostility to foreigners as labourers has had its part—many think the greatest part of all—in creating the Know-Nothing party. Such being the case, what an agreeable thing it must be for them to be told that without the aid of that labour which they have denounced as a curse, they must have had slavery, or their country have remained in a state of barbarism!"

Mr. Garrison, we see, was advertised to reply to Gen. Houston on Thursday evening; not so much, we presume, that his arguments need an answer, as that the man and the lecture are regarded as a good text for an anti-slavery speech.

WOMAN'S ADVOCATE.—We qualified our commendation of this journal, on its first appearance, by a frank dissent from what we called its "temporizing and half-way policy," in ignoring the fundamental question of woman's right to vote and to hold office, &c. The editor complains of this as "damning" her enterprise "with faint praise," and, without permitting her readers to see that portion of our remarks in which we gave the reason for employing the phrase "temporizing and half-way policy," quotes Webster's definition of the first of these words, and adds:

"Now, may it please the court, or may it not please, just as it pleases: We plead not guilty of the 'soft impeachment,' and, in turn, charge the complainant in the case with libel; not malicious, exactly, for we think malice the last thing to be laid to his account. But it is not true, in any sense, that we are 'time-serving.' We are going decidedly against the tide, and our efforts have been a theme of grave discussion in a large association, and the means whereby we may be put down discussed—and that for no opinion but because we work—because we are practical, and because we will not comply with the demands of the times. So with society generally, 'precedent' and 'custom' are against us; but we act and speak as we think. The editors of the *Standard* arrogate to themselves no small measure of perfection when they suppose everybody who differs from them 'temporizing.' They should not fall into the fogyism of thinking us wrong because we are in advance of them and their friends in a practical movement."

We shall be glad to give the *Advocate* something better than "faint praise" whenever, in our judgment, it shall deserve it. At present, it appears to us to be wanting not only in thoroughness, but in candour. When it claims to be "going decidedly against the tide" in belittling the question of suffrage, is it ingenuous? Will it affirm that public opinion anywhere is in favour of suffrage for woman—that "the tide," in any part of the country, sets in that direction? Or, are we to understand it as claiming credit for independence in opposing the views of those who are more thorough than itself? It certainly cannot deny that, in asking only for the equal rights of woman in respect to labour and education, and ignoring the question of suffrage, it adopts a policy calculated, we will not say designed, to win the favour of the "temporizing and half-way" class. For all the good that it does, or proposes to do, we will give it due credit, especially if it suffers persecution therefor. It knows very well that our criticism of its policy had no reference whatever to what it calls "practical movements"—movements, in other words, to extend the sphere of woman's education and labour, and in which it has our heartiest concurrence and sympathy. Why, then, does it talk of our thinking it "wrong" in this respect, and claim to be in "advance" of us and our friends, as if we had raised any issue with it upon such grounds?

VALUABLE LECTURE.—The daily papers speak in very high terms of a Lecture, delivered before the New York Library Association (composed of people of colour), on Monday evening last, by C. W. ELLIOTT, Esq., the subject being TOUISSANT L'OVERTURE. The following sketch is from the *Evening Post*:

The lecturer said his intention was to show, by the history and example of Touissant, that even in the high department of statesmanship there was no proof of the incapacity of a negro for its enlarged views or business details. He sketched the well-known history of Touissant, the William Tell of St. Domingo, and drew some vivid pictures of the personal and public events of his dramatic life.

He contrasted the death of Touissant, in a European prison (whither he had been entrapped by Napoleon), with the Emperor's own retaliated fate at St. Helena, and thought the negro's closing career the more dignified. Napoleon tried to establish slavery in Hayti, but failed, and neither would General Pierce, formerly of New Hampshire, now of Washington, and next of Alabama, be able to do what a greater *professed* friend of liberty than he had failed to accomplish.

Mr. Elliott called attention to the fact that it was one of the despised *nigger* race who not only originated and embodied, but enforced laws for his countrymen, thought to be worthy of the conception of a white man's mind:

1. That no State can prosper but with agriculture as its material basis.
2. That men of all colours must be assured of security for life and property.
3. That good morals and manners are necessary, and that churches and schools must be sustained.
4. That the blacks, if necessary, must be ready to defend their liberties with their lives.

The lecturer showed that, under the direction of a clear head, an energetic will and a single heart, these fundamental outlines of a constitution and government were as distinctly carried out by the black Touissant as by the white Washington; and that nothing but the overwhelming forces and treachery of the greatest European power succeeded in subduing the man, while they failed to destroy the spirit of liberty in the living race.

The lecture was well attended, and frequently greeted with hearty applause. We understand that Mr. Elliott has been invited to repeat it at Newburg, New Haven and Patterson.

SLAVERY ABOLISHED IN PERU.—The revolutionary movement in Peru having triumphed, the new Government has issued a decree giving freedom to all those slaves who did not volunteer to serve in the army of the former President. The Government pledges itself to pay the owners for their property (!) in five years. Public opinion is said to be divided as to the propriety and justness of the measure, but the new Government has, no doubt, rightly interpreted the spirit of the revolution. It has certainly given a pledge of its sincerity in professing to hate the tyranny of the former rulers of the country.

GETTING HIS DESERTS.—The *Middlesex* (MASS.) *Journal*, a religious paper, edited by orthodox clergymen, in a notice of Dr. Adams's *Southside View*, uses the following language:

"Ashamed are we of the author, and heartily disgusted with this new work of his. We never before found so many things to shock our moral sense, and clash with our ideas of right, in the same compass of reading matter.

"The book is intensely conservative, and its author may now be set down as the leading champion of the apologists for slavery at the present day. Yet his writings on this subject will not be likely to produce much of mischief, there being such evident shallowness and superficialness about them. He deals not in the least with foundation principles, but merely skims over the surface of things. We began to mark the objectionable passages till we had reached nearly a hundred, and ultimately came to the conclusion that the book was nearly all bad, with scarcely a redeeming quality about it. And the most appropriate place we could find for it, after a patient perusal, was in our air-tight stove (the first book, by the way, that we ever burned up), and, although it is rather expensive fuel, even in these times of high prices, we know of no better use for the edition now out.

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"We shall ever think of Dr. Adams among ministers as we do of Commissioner Loring among judges, and Stephen Arnold Douglas among politicians—a recreant traitor to the principles of liberty. Let no anti-slavery clergyman presume to exchange pulpits with him, any more than they would extend the hand of fellowship to the slaveholder, but let him feel impelled by the force of a public Christian sentiment to emigrate Southward for an appropriate abode the remainder of his days."

THE "FREE DEMOCRATIC LEAGUE" of Philadelphia, at a late meeting held in that city, adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas, We, in common with those opposed to the extension of slavery, voted, at the late election, for JAMES POLLOCK, for Governor, and thus secured his election, *not as a Know-Nothing*, or member of any secret organization, but as the representative of the anti-slavery sentiment of the State;

Therefore, Resolved, That, as Free Democrats, we deprecate the proscriptive policy of those known as Know-Nothings, preferring to abide by the faith of the fathers of the Republic; for, like them, we believe that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that *all* men, guiltless of crime, without regard to *wealth, place of birth, religion or colour*, are alike entitled to equal privileges, and the equal protection of the law.

Resolved, That we reaffirm, as wise and just, the sentiments of the Pittsburg platform, adopted by the Convention of the Independent Democracy, held August 12th, 1852.

ELI DILLIN, President.

E. H. COGGINS, Secretary.

We had always understood that the election of Governor Pollock was not due so much to Know-Nothingism in Pennsylvania as to the increased prevalence of the anti-slavery sentiment in that State; and the resolution above is another proof of the correctness of this view. The tone of the Philadelphia "League," in regard to the new Order, is manly and creditable to their good sense and consistency.

MICHIGAN OBSTRUCTING THE KIDNAPPER.—The Legislature of Michigan has passed an act, amending previous acts on the subject of the use of jails and public buildings, which contains the following clause:

"Provided, That nothing in this or the next succeeding section contained shall be construed to authorize or require any Sheriff, or other officer, to receive into or detain in any of said jails or other public buildings, any person claimed as a fugitive slave; and, *Provided, further*, That every Sheriff, or other officer, or keeper of a prison, is hereby peremptorily prohibited from receiving or detaining, or permitting to be received or detained, in any such jails or other public buildings, any such fugitive slave as aforesaid. Every Sheriff, or other officer, or keeper of a prison, who shall offend against the last preceding provision of this section shall be liable to an indictment for a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall pay a fine of one thousand dollars, and be imprisoned in the county jail one year."

The passage of this act having attracted the notice of the slaveholders, they employed Mr. Stuart, one of the Senators from Michigan, to introduce the following resolution, the object of which is sufficiently apparent. It was adopted, of course.

"Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the necessity of providing for the erection at Detroit, in the State of Michigan, of suitable buildings for the safe-keeping of such persons as may be subject to confinement under the laws of the United States.

THE LEMMON CASE.—It will be remembered that Gov. Clark, in his message to the Legislature, recommended the employment of counsel to defend the interests of this State, involved in the appeal taken by Virginia from the decision of Judge Paine in the case of the Lemmon slaves. The question has been the topic of exciting discussion between the Hunkers and the anti-slavery men in the Senate for some time past, the former insisting that there was no need of counsel, that the case would never be carried to argument, &c. Erastus Brooks, of this city (one of the editors of the *Express*), has taken the lead in opposing the measure recommended by the Governor. The result is the passage of the following resolution by the two Houses:

Resolved, That Ogden Hoffman, the Attorney-General, be and is hereby authorized and directed, together with such counsel as the Governor may deem proper to associate with him, to defend the interests of this State, involved in an appeal brought on or prosecuted by direction of the Legislature of Virginia, from a decision of one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of this State in the Lemmon slave case.

HENRY BOX BROWN is still in England, employed in exhibiting his Panorama of American Slavery. The London *Empire* notices him as follows:

"When our younger friends are informed that the exhibitor is a celebrated fugitive slave from America, and that he has been the subject of some of the horrible cruelties so faithfully depicted in his panorama; when they hear further that he made his extraordinary escape from bondage in a box only three feet one inch long, two feet wide, and two feet six inches deep, the transit of which, amid many perils, from Richmond to Philadelphia occupied twenty-seven hours, they will judge, with ourselves, that such a man is worth both seeing and hearing. During the exhibition, Mr. Brown gives a vivid and genuine description of each passing scene, and, occasionally, intersperses some 'nigger' songs. We may remark that, in our opinion, such an exhibition is infinitely preferable to a theatrical one; that it is a most effectual mode of instructing the generation to come on the appalling subject; and that it deserves, nay more, it demands, the support and encouragement of all Christians and every lover of freedom. For ourselves, and, we trust, for many of our readers, we can say that, when such a representation passes before us, we are powerfully reminded of the words and incited to adopt the prayer of Hannah More:

"'And Thou! great Source of Nature and of Grace,
Who of one blood didst form the human race;
Bring each benighted soul, Great God, to Thee,
And with Thy wide Salvation make them free.'"

BURNS TO BE REDEEMED.—The Boston *Times* says that the Rev. Mr. Grimes has raised the necessary sum, $1,300, for the purchase of Burns, and left that city for the South with the funds, and will settle the matter of manumission as soon as possible. Among the subscribers are Glidden & Williams, $100; B. F. Hallett, United States District Attorney, $50; United States Marshal Freeman, $50; and numerous others of the like sum. Hallett and his confederates seek, by such contributions, to mitigate the public opinion which brands them as kidnappers for their agency in the rendition of Burns.

P.S.—After the above was in type, a telegraphic despatch was received from Baltimore, conveying information of Burns's arrival in that city, on his way to Boston.

HORACE MANN, President of Antioch College, Ohio, has become a communicant and a preacher in the Church known at the West as "The Christian Denomination" (a sect combining the theology of the Unitarians with the peculiar zeal of the Methodists), and has recently officiated as a clergyman in several Western pulpits.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH is giving lectures in Boston. Her subject, on Monday evening, was Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

A New Question in the Public Schools—Liquor Law Presentations—The Temperance Party persevering—Passage of Maine Law in Indiana.

CINCINNATI, February 16, 1855.

AN occurrence has just taken place in our city which strongly illustrates the power of prejudice against colour, even in a place where a much better feeling exists towards the coloured people, among intelligent persons, than in older cities at the East. Miss Newhall, a teacher in the Seventh District Public School, finding a boy in her room slightly tinged with coloured blood, refused to instruct him, after repeated directions from the Trustees to do so. The matter was, last week, brought before the School Board by the Trustees, with a resolution dismissing Miss Newhall, which was not adopted, but the whole subject was referred back to the local Trustees, with power to act. On their directing the lady to receive and teach the boy, she complied under protest, and, this week, appealed to the School Board, asking that the boy be dismissed or removed to one of the coloured schools. This gave rise to considerable discussion, and, after various propositions and motions, all of which were negatived, a resolution was passed dismissing the coloured boy from the school, by a vote of 15 Ayes to 10 Noes, nine of the Board being absent. Had all the members been present, the result would probably have been the same.

In the discussion which preceded the final vote, it was maintained by several of the minority that the decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio applied to this case, viz.: that a child possessing more than half white blood must be considered a white child, and a resolution was offered affirming that the Board felt itself bound by that decision. Those who voted for the resolution adopted did so on the ground that the law establishing coloured schools in this city was intended to provide schools not only for blacks, but for all children possessed of negro blood, no matter of what degree. I understand that the boy referred to is nearly white, his father being a white man and his mother a Quadroon, and that it is only upon a close inspection that any one would discover that he is not perfectly white. I have heard a general expression of opinion, by all who know the facts in the case, that, whatever the law, strictly construed, may be, the teacher was entirely too sensitive and has made a great ado about a small matter. The relatives of the boy will take the necessary steps to bring the matter before the Supreme Court, where it is altogether probable the principle involved will be decided against the School Board. Coloured persons having a large portion of white blood are recognised as citizens under our laws, and several such voted at our State election last Fall.

Messrs. Goodman and Ogden, the Trustees of the Seventh District School, resigned their offices when the decision of the School Board was made. The reason they give is that their self-respect will not permit them to occupy a seat in a Board which would expel a child from the Public Schools because it was slightly tinctured with negro blood.

Most of the coffee-houses in the city were closed the last two Sabbaths, and there has been a general disposition to comply with the city ordinance, except among the German liquor-sellers, with whom it goes very hard to discontinue their drinking customs on the Sabbath. They have agreed upon a remonstrance to be presented to the Council at its next meeting, but it is not likely that it will be of any avail. Both the City and State laws are being enforced, several cases of each having been brought before the Courts. The Grand Jury, a few days since, found bills against several of the hotel-keepers and restaurants, and they have this week closed their bars to avoid the penalties. Among these are the proprietors of the Burnet House and the Broadway Hotel. The hotel proprietors say that the closing of their bars is a great sacrifice on their part, as the sale of liquor is the most profitable part of their business.

The Temperance men are holding frequent and enthusiastic meetings, and are determined to support candidates, at the Spring and Fall elections, decidedly favourable to a Maine Law, which we are anxious to have enacted by our next Legislature. At one of the public temperance meetings, last week, a young lady addressed the assembly, and at another large meeting, this week, two other ladies spoke very acceptably and with credit to themselves. The Legislature of Indiana have passed the Maine Law, it having been adopted, this week, in both branches. It is said to be one of the most stringent Liquor laws, in its provisions, ever passed in the United States, prohibiting the manufacture of any kind of spirituous liquors, except such as are to be sold without the State. The passage of this Bill was received with great demonstrations of joy by the citizens of Indianapolis, the bells being rung, and cannon fired. The progress of the Maine Law seems to be onward, and, with proper exertions in this State, public opinion can be so concentrated and manifested that our Legislature next winter will be compelled to give a similar law to Ohio. She ought not certainly to be behind her younger sisters west of her.

Since my last, the Ohio river at this place has been closed by the ice for one week, and persons have crossed daily. The weather has moderated so much this week, the ice broke up on the 13th, and is running out, though boats are not yet making their trips. The wants of the destitute have been liberally provided for by our citizens, and among other projects for aiding in the good work is an Amateur Theatrical performance at the Theatre to-night, the tickets for which were sold at auction at high premiums, and a Musical Concert to-morrow night. We have had gloomy and cold weather enough for three or four weeks past, and the signs are propitious now for milder weather and better times.

Since writing the above, I learn that a number of the liquor cases came up to-day in the Court of Common Pleas. Senator Pugh, who appeared on behalf of twelve of the principal hotel and restaurant keepers, stated that, as the Supreme Court had decided the law to be constitutional, they would make no further resistance, if the Prosecuting Attorney would not push the indictments already made to trial. This was agreed to, and it is now understood that these men (who keep the fashionable drinking saloons) will close their bars and obey the State law. We shall soon see how it works. Yours, P.

MASSACHUSETTS.—In the House of Representatives, on Saturday last, J. W. Stone, Chairman of the Committee on Federal Relations, reported a series of resolutions expressing, for the people of the Commonwealth, an earnest protest against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and a determination to continue to use all Constitutional and reasonable methods to secure the restoration of the act of 1820, and also instructing the Senators and requesting the Representatives in Congress to urge the prohibition of slavery from all territory belonging to the United States, and all places under the control of Congress, so as to make freedom national and slavery sectional.

A NEW TRIAL.—Capt. Smith, who was convicted, recently, in the U. S. Circuit Court of this city, for piracy, in being engaged in the Slave Trade, is to have a new trial, Judge Nelson deciding that the charge of Judge Betts to the jury was erroneous as to the question whether the accused was a citizen of the United States. We have no doubt that the new trial will result in an acquittal.

THE TRIAL of Parker, Phillips, Higginson and others, for participation in the attempt to rescue the fugitive Burns, is set down for the term of the Court which commences on the 20th inst.

WANTED IN CALIFORNIA.—It seems that certain parties in San Francisco have under consideration a proposal to invite the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to take up his abode, for a time at least, in that city, with a view to counteract the influence of the Rev. Dr. Scott, of New Orleans, whose partisans make such an ado about him as to try the patience of many members of the other churches, who do not feel prepared to admit that slavery is a Divine institution. We guess Mr. Beecher will not leave his present field of labour merely to whip a slavery-loving parson on the Pacific coast. There is plenty of that sort of work here to occupy all the time he can spare from more important labours.

THEODORE PARKER'S TABERNACLE LECTURE, as reported for the STANDARD by E. F. UNDERHILL, one of the reporting corps of the *Daily Times*, occupies the first page of the present issue. It would be superfluous to commend it to the attention of our readers, for it will be eagerly devoured by every one of them. It is full of arguments and facts, grouped with masterly skill and made to glow with the eloquence and energy which characterize all Mr. Parker's public efforts.

JOSHUA HUTCHINSON is expected in New York within a few days. We understand that, after singing some of his songs here, he will probably visit Philadelphia and other places in Eastern Pennsylvania. He will be cordially welcomed both here and there. Our friends in Kennett and vicinity, especially, will be glad of an opportunity to take him by the hand and lend an ear to his mountain warblings.

AARON M. POWELL, an Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will hold meetings as follows:

Quaker Springs,	Saturday, March		3d.
Saratoga,	Sunday,	"	4th.
Galway,	Wednesday,	"	7th.
	Thursday,	"	8th.
Mesherville,	Saturday,	"	10th.
	Sunday,	"	11th.

HON. WILLIAM JACKSON, formerly a member of Congress, and for many years a leader of the Free Soil party, died on Tuesday last, at his residence in Newton, Mass. He was an elder brother of Francis and Edmund Jackson, of Boston, so widely known for their activity as members and officers of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies.

INDIANA.—The Legislature of Indiana made another attempt, on the 22d ult., to choose a Senator in the place of Mr. Pettit. The two Houses failed to agree—the Senate naming Isaac Blackford, and the House substituting Joseph G. Marshall. The former is Nebraska, the latter Republican.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.—We have received from Syracuse a little book for Children, entitled "An Illustrated Alphabet, with Pretty Rhymes. By Amanda Weston." Published by "Uncle Lucius," *alias* the Editor of the *Wesleyan*. It is a pretty gift-book for a small child, just learning its letters.

Summary.

A LARGE LIQUOR-SELLER IN JAIL.—R. R. Robinson, a large and notorious liquor dealer of Portland, is in jail. John Neal was his bail, but, fearing Robinson would give him the slip, he delivered him up.

The Select Committee of the New York Assembly, to which was referred that part of the Governor's message relating to the incarceration of witnesses, have reported in favour of abandoning the system, and taking testimony *de bene esse*, in cases where the attendance of witnesses cannot be ensured at the trial.

CENSUS MARSHAL OF KANSAS.—We see it stated, derisively, in the *Westport* (Missouri) *Frontier News*, that "one Conway" has been appointed by Gov. Reeder to take the Census of Kansas. This is, doubtless, Martin F. Conway, Esq., the talented young Baltimore emigrant, whose scathing exposure of the interference of Atchison, Stringfellow, & Co. in the late election (made in his letter to the Baltimore *Sun*) has excited the ire of the shaveholders, as a matter of course.—*Tribune.*

PROHIBITION IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The bill, amending and making more stringent the Prohibitory Liquor law previously existing, has passed the Senate unanimously, and without debate. There is no reason to doubt its passage in the House also. If the bill becomes a law, says the *Telegraph*, "it will drive out instantly a large number of men from the traffic in liquors; for if a rumseller should be convicted once of a single sale, he would be obliged to go to the House of Correction, put on the uniform, and hammer stone."

The trial of Oliver Lee, for the murder of Wm. H. Harrison, was concluded on the 23d ult., in Brooklyn, by the conviction of the prisoner for Manslaughter in the first degree. The homicide was committed during the election riots in Williamsburg in November. The prisoner had many friends, who have laboured diligently for his acquittal. The fact, however, that Lee, in company with others, caused the death of Harrison was too plainly proved to be successfully resisted, and the excitement that has grown out of the trial is ended by a verdict which is generally regarded as just.—*Times.*

HON. SAM HOUSTON'S LECTURE ON TEXAS.—There was a very large audience at the Tremont Temple last evening, to listen to Gen. Houston's lecture on the Texan Revolution. He was introduced by His Excellency Governor Gardner, in a very brief and patriotic speech. Gen. Houston recounted the early history of the settlement of Texas, and related the incidents of the massacre of the Alamo, and of Col. Fannin's party, the retreat of the remnant of the Texan army, the noble stand at San Jacinto, and the final triumph of the heroic band.—*Bost. Tel., Feb.* 24.

SENTENCED TO BE HANGED.—Melanie, a slave girl belonging to M'lle Florestine Friloux, and her brother, Mengo, belonging to Mme. Ellen Kinlair, have been tried and convicted, in the Parish of St. Charles, of the murder of John Wesley Fishern, on the 26th of November last, and have been sentenced to be hanged. Parker, the husband of Melanie, who was tried with them, was acquitted. Mr. Lathern was to have been married on the 27th to Melanie's mistress, and the alleged ground of his being murdered was that she did not wish to be removed to Mr. Lathern's place.—*New Orleans Picayune, Feb.* 15.

MICHIGAN stands alone, as the first State that has abolished capital punishment. It was recently proposed, by the enemies of the law, to make an effort for its repeal; but the mass of the people are so well satisfied with its results, that it is not at all probable that hanging will ever be renewed among us as a legal institution. Homicides are rare in Michigan, and are punished, with regularity and certainty, in the penitentiary. It is not probable that the present law makes any material difference, one way or the other, in the number of murders committed. The number is determined by the national character, by congenital predispositions, by early education, by professional employments, by the custom of carrying arms, and especially by the habitual use of intoxicating drinks.—*Cor. Eve. Post.*

RIGHTS OF WOMAN IN THE LEGISLATURE.—The Select Committee of the New York Assembly, to which was referred the petition for Woman's Rights, consisting of Messrs. Rickerson, Wells, Rider, Baker, Stanton, Lourie, J. Bennet and Aitken, granted a hearing to the petitioners, who were represented by the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, Miss Sarah B. Anthony, and Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, in the Assembly Chamber, Saturday evening, Feb. 17. The speeches of Miss Brown and Mrs. Rose are admitted to have been very able and impressive. Miss Anthony, we believe, did not speak. After the addresses were concluded, the fair speakers were called upon to reply to the interrogatories of various members of the Committee, and the meeting did not adjourn till 11 o'clock. It is believed that a highly favourable impression was made upon the Committee, and the audience, and that the day cannot be far distant when the prayer of the petitioners will be granted.

MOBOCRACY IN KANSAS.—The Lexington (Mo.) *Express* publishes an account of a riot between a number of squatters in Kansas. It occurred in the town of Fremont, and the following are said to be the facts:

The mob, without provocation, entirely destroyed the premises of Rev. Mr. Hummer, and, after having beat and stoned his person to such a degree that all reasonable hope of his life was lost, they carried him off by force, together with his wife, who was still clinging to his mangled body, and conveyed them away some five miles, and set them down on the open prairie, there to perish. The mob then returned, with yells of triumph, to the residence of A. A. Ward, where they organized, and from whence they started, which is in the immediate vicinity of the demolished premises. They held a mock auction, and sold off what remained of building materials, which were bid in by the instigators of the mob. They stole the potatoes, onions, chickens, &c., of the still bleeding, and supposed dead, sufferer.

POLITICAL REFORM.—A correspondent of the Boston *Congregationalist*, having visited Augusta, the capital of Maine, writes as follows:

"I learned from the most reliable sources that the Legislature was composed of men of high moral bearing. The President of the Senate assured me that, in the five weeks they had been in session, he had seen no evidence that a single member of either House used ardent spirits; nor had he heard from any one a profane word. A similar testimony was borne by a prominent member of the House of Representatives. Others also spoke of the vast difference between this and former Legislatures, in which drinking and profaneness greatly prevailed. Hotel-keepers, I was told, noted the difference, and 'wore long faces, and bitterly complained of dull business, and hard times.'

"I learned another fact of deep interest, that very few, if any, office seekers are seen at the capital. It is now understood that the most hopeful way to obtain office is to remain at home, engaged in some honourable business. I was informed that Governor Morrill gives office to no man who applies for it—a pretty effectual check to the hungry and imperious herd, who generally clamour for executive patronage."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—It is very well for men to be rich when they possess large hearts. Gen. Robert Halsey, of Ithaca, has recently been doing a very handsome thing. He requests the tax-gatherer of the town in which he resides to pass over all cases where taxes have been levied upon individuals who cannot pay them without depriving themselves, or their dependant families, of the necessaries of life, or means of comfortable subsistence, and *present the same to him for payment.*

THE NEW YORK SLAVE CASE.—The slave woman, Sylvia, who landed at Rocketts, a few days since, from New York, and was immediately arrested on a charge of violating the laws of Virginia, prohibiting free negroes from coming into the State, was before the Mayor yesterday, according to the adjournment of the case on Saturday. Evidence having been produced to show that Sylvia was a slave, the property of Mr. William Church, and there being no law giving her a claim to freedom by reason of her twelve months' residence in New York, the Mayor dismissed the case.

Mr. William Church, arrested in this city, a few days since, and held to bail in the sum of $500, charged with bringing from New York into Virginia a free negress named Sylvia, was also before the Mayor, for a final hearing, yesterday. The evidence being clear that he purchased and paid the sum of $900 for Sylvia, and that there was no law depriving him of a perfect claim to the servant, in consequence of sending her to New York to reside for twelve months, he was discharged.—*Rich. Enq., Feb.* 21.

NEW JERSEY—DEFEAT OF THE PROHIBITORY BILL.—The Prohibitory Liquor bill, after passing the House, has been defeated in the Senate. The final vote was taken on the 22d ult. The Newark *Mercury* says:

"In the afternoon, long before 3 o'clock, the passages leading to the galleries were completely jammed with ladies, and, the doors being opened, there ensued a great scramble for seats. It seemed as if the fair ones had turned out *en masse* for the purpose of awing the "grave and reverend" Senators into the enactment of the desired law. The lobbies were also crowded long before the opening of the afternoon session, and hundreds were obliged to go away as they came, being unable to obtain admittance. A large proportion of those in the lobbies were ladies, who could not get into the gallery."

After an exciting debate, the bill was lost, 10 to 9. The announcement of this vote was received with a perfect storm of hisses, and for a time the greatest confusion prevailed. Ladies even testified their disapprobation of the vote in this undignified manner.

NEGRO BURNED TO DEATH.—We regret to learn that one of the negro houses on the plantation of our fellow-citizen, Dr. Richard H. Lockhart, in Macon County, Alabama, accidentally took fire on the 13th instant, and was totally destroyed. The most melancholy result, however, was the burning of a negro child, about five years old, which it was found impossible to rescue from the flames, notwithstanding the mother almost sacrificed her own life in the attempt. Her clothing taking fire, she was compelled to abandon the child, and make her own escape through the roof of the house, seriously, though, it is hoped, not fatally, injured. The heroism manifested by the mother, in thus attempting to rescue her offspring at the imminent hazard of her own life, is but another evidence of the universality and power of that maternal sentiment which prevails alike in the bosom of white and black.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enq.*

[Here is a confession from a Southern newspaper, that the "maternal sentiment" is as strong in coloured as in white women. And yet how often is this denied by

Miscellaneous Department.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH POETRY.

Before the (Boston) Lowell Institute.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Reported for The Boston Daily Advertiser.

LECTURE X.

POETIC DICTION.

No one who has read any early poems, of whatever nation, can have failed to notice a freshness in the language, a sort of game flavour, as it were, that gradually wastes out of it when poetry becomes domesticated, so to speak, and has grown to be a mere means of amusement, both to writers and readers, instead of answering a deeper necessity in their natures. Our northern ancestors symbolized the eternal newness of song by calling it the Present, and its delight by calling it the drink of Odin.

There was then a fierce democracy of words; no grades had been established, and no favoured ones advanced to the upper house of Poetry. Men had a meaning, and so their words had to have one, too. They were not representatives of value, but value itself. They say that Valhalla was roofed with golden shields; that was what they believed, and in their songs they called them golden shingles. We should think shields the more poetical word of the two—but to them the poetry was in the *thing*, and the thought of it, and the phrase took its life and meaning from them.

It is one result of the admixture of foreign words in our language that we use a great many phrases without knowing the force of them. There is a metaphoric vitality hidden in almost all of them, and we talk poetry, as Moliere's citizen did prose, without ever suspecting it. Formerly, men *named* things; now we merely label them to know them apart. The Vikings called their ships sea-horses, just as the Arabs called their camels ships of the desert. Capes they called sea-noses, without thinking it an undignified term, which the land would resent. And still, where mountains and headlands have the luck to be baptized by uncultivated persons, fancy stands godmother. Old Greylock, up in Berkshire, got his surname before we had State geologists or distinguished statesmen. So did Great Haystack and Saddle Mountain. Sailors give good names if they have no dictionary aboard, and along our coasts, here and there, the word and thing agree, and therefore are poetical. Meaning and poetry still cling to some of our common phrases, and the crow-foot, mouse-ear, goat's-beard, day's-eye, heart's-ease, snow-drop, and many more of their vulgar little fellow-citizens of the wood and roadsides are as happy as if Linnæus had never been born. Such names have a significance even to one who has never seen the things they stand for; but whose fancy would be touched if you talked to him about a pelargonium, unless he had an acquired sympathy with it? Our cumulous language, heaped together from all quarters, is like the clouds at sunset—and every man finds something different in a sentence according to his associations. Indeed, every language that has become a literary one may be compared to a waning moon, out of which the light of beauty fades more and more. Only to poets and lovers does it repair itself from its luminous fountains.

The poetical quality of diction depends on the force and intensity of meaning with which it is employed. We are all of us full of latent significance, and, let but a poet have but the power to touch *us*, we forthwith enrich his word with ourselves, pouring into his verse our own lives, all our own experience, and take back again, without knowing it, the vitality which we had given away out of ourselves. Put passion enough into a word and, no matter what it is, it becomes poetical; it is no longer what it was, but is a messenger from original man to original man, an ambassador from royal thee to royal me, and speaks to us from a level of equality. Pope, who did not scruple to employ the thoughts of billingsgate, is very fastidious about the dress they come in, and claps a tawdry livery-coat on them that they may be fit for the service of so fine a gentleman. He did not mind being coarse in idea, but it would have tortured him to be thought commonplace. The sin of composition which he dreaded was,

Lest ten low words should creep in one dull line.

But there is no more startling proof of the genius of Shakspeare than that he always lifts the language up to himself, and never thinks to raise himself atop of it. If he has need of the service of what is called a low word, he takes it, and it is remarkable how many of his images are borrowed out of the street and the workshop. His pen ennobled them all, and we feel as if they had been knighted for good service in the field. Shakspeare, as we all know (for does not Mr. Voltaire say so?), was a vulgar kind of fellow, but, somehow or other, his genius will carry the humblest things up into the air of heaven as easily as Jove's eagle bore Ganymede.

Whatever is used with a great meaning, and conveys that meaning to others in its full intensity, is no longer common and ordinary. It is this which gives their poetic force to symbols, no matter how low their origin. The blacksmith's apron, once made the royal standard of Persia, can fill armies with enthusiasm, and is as good as the Oriflamme of France. A broom is no very noble thing in itself, but at the mast-head of a brave old De Ruyter, or in the hands of that awful shape which Dion the Syracusan saw, it becomes poetical. And so the emblems of the trades of Antwerp, which they bore upon their standards, pass entirely out of the prosaic and mechanical by being associated with feelings and deeds that were great and momentous.

[Mr. Lowell here read a poem by Dr. Donne, entiled The Separation.]

As respects Diction, *that* becomes formal and technical when poetry has come to be considered an artifice rather than an art, and its sole object is to revive certain pleasurable feelings already conventional instead of originating new sources of delight. Then it is truly earth to earth, dead language used to bury dead emotion in. This kind of thing was carried so far by the later Scandinavian poets, that they compiled a dictionary of the metaphors used by the elder Skalds (whose songs were the utterance of that within them which *would* be spoken), and satisfied themselves with a new arrangement of them. Inspiration was taught, as we see French advertised to be, in six lessons.

In narrative and descriptive poetry we feel that proper keeping demands a certain choice and luxury of words. The question of propriety becomes one of prime importance here. Certain terms have an acquired imaginative value from the associations they awake in us. Certain words are more musical than others. Some rhymes are displeasing; some measures wearisome. Moreover, there are words which have become indissolubly entangled with ludicrous or mean ideas. Hence it follows that there is such a thing as Poetic Diction, and it was this that Milton was thinking of when he spoke of making our English "search her coffers round."

I will illustrate this. Longfellow's Evangeline opens with a noble solemnity:

This is the forest primeval; the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms,
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

There is true feeling here, and the sigh of the pines is heard in the verses. I can only find one epithet to hang a criticism on, and that is the "*wail* of the forest," in the last line, which is not in keeping with the general murmur. Now, I do not suppose that the poet turned over any vocabulary to find the words he wanted, but followed his own poetic instinct altogether in the affair. But suppose, for a moment, that, instead of being a true poet, he had been only a gentleman versifying: suppose he had written "This is the primitive forest." The prose meaning is the same, but the poetical meaning, the music and the cadence would be gone out of it, and gone forever. Or suppose that, instead of "garments green," he had said "dresses green." The idea is identical, but the phrase would have come down from its appropriate remoteness to the milliner's counter. But not to take such extreme instances. Only substitute, instead of "harpers hoar," the words "harpers grey," and you lose not only the alliteration, but the fine hoarse sigh of the original epithet which blends it with the general feeling of the passage. So, if you put "sandy beaches" in the place of "rocky caverns," you will not mar the absolute truth to nature, but you will have forfeited the relative truth to keeping.

When Bryant says so exquisitely,

Painted moths
Have *wandered the blue sky* and died again,

we ruin the poetry, the sunny spaciousness of the image, without altering the prose sense, by substituting

Have *flown through the clear air*.

But the words "poetic diction" have acquired a double meaning, or perhaps I should say there are two kinds of poetic diction, the one true and the other false, the one real and vital, the other mechanical and artificial. Wordsworth, for a time, confounded the two together in one wrathful condemnation, and preached a crusade against them both. He wrote, at one time, on the theory that the language of ordinary life was the true dialect of poetry, and that one word was as good as another. He seemed even to go farther and to adopt the Irishman's notion of popular equality—that "one man is as good as another and a dale better too!" He preferred, now and then, prosaic words and images to poetical ones. But he was not long in finding his mistake and correcting it. One of his most tender and pathetic poems ("We are Seven") began thus, in the first edition:

A simple child, *dear brother Jem*.

All England laughed, and, in the third edition, Wordsworth gave in, and left the last half of the line blank, as it has been ever since. If the poem had been a translation from the Turkish, and had begun,

A simple child, dear Ibrahim,

there would have been nothing unpoetical in it, but the "dear brother Jem," which would seem natural enough at the beginning of a familiar letter, is felt to be ludicrously incongruous at the opening of a poem.

To express a profound emotion, the simpler the language and the less removed from the ordinary course of life, the better. There is a very striking example of this in Webster's tragedy of "The Duchess of Malfy." The brother of the Duchess has procured her murder; and when he comes in and sees the body, he merely says:

Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young.

Horror could not be better expressed than in these few words, and Webster has even taken care to break up the verse in such a way that a too entire consciousness of the metre may not thrust itself between us and the bare emotion he intends to convey.

[In illustration, Mr. Lowell quoted from Shakspeare (Henry V.), Marlowe, Chapman, Dunbar, Beaumont and Fletcher, Waller, Young and Cawthorn.]

These men [the poets of the eighteenth century] were perfectly conscious of the fact that poetry is not produced under an ordinary condition of mind, and, accordingly, when they begin to grind their barrel-organs, they go through the ceremony of invoking the Muse, talk in the blandest way of divine rages and sacred flames, and one thing or another, and ask for holy fire to heat their little tea-urns with as coolly as one would borrow a lucifer. They appeal ceremoniously to the sacred Nine, when the only thing really necessary to them was the ability to count as high as the sacred ten syllables that constituted their verse. If the Muse had once granted their prayer, if she *had* once unveiled her awful front to the poor fellows, they would have hidden under their beds, every man John of them.

The eighteenth century produced some true poets, but almost all even of them were infected by the prevailing style. I cannot find any name that expresses it better than the "Dick Swiveller style." As Dick always called wine "the rosy," sleep "the balmy," and so forth, so did these perfectly *correct* gentlemen always employ either a fluent epithet or a diffuse periphrasis to express the commonest emotions or ideas. If they wished to say *tea*, they would have done it thus:

Of China's herb the infusion hot and mild.

Coffee would be

The fragrant juice of Mocha's kernel grey,

or brown, or black, as the rhyme demanded. A boot is dignified into

The shining leather that the leg encased.

Wine is

The purple honour of th' ambrosial vine.

All women are "nymphs," carriages are "harnessed pomps," houses are sumptuous or humble "piles," as the case may be, and everything is purely technical. Of nature, there seems to have been hardly a tradition.

But instead of attempting to describe in prose the diluent diction which passed for poetic under the artificial system—which the influence of Wordsworth did more than anything else to abolish and destroy—I will do it by a few verses in the same style. Any subject will do—a Lapland sketch we will say:

Where far-off suns their fainter splendours throw
O'er Lapland's wastes of uncongenial snow,
Where giant icebergs lift their horrent spires
And the black scene a gelid fear expires,
Where oft the aurora of the northern night
Cheats with pale beams of ineffectual light,
Where icy Winter broods o'er hill and plain,
And summer never comes, or comes in vain,
Yet here, e'en here kind nature grants to man
A boon congenial with her general plan,
Though no fair blooms to vernal gales expand,
And smiling Ceres shuns th' unyielding land,
Behold, even here, cast up, a monstrous spoil,
The sea's vast monarch yields nutritious oil,
Escaped, perchance, from where the unfeeling crews
Dart the swift steel, and hempen coils unloose,
He whirls impetuous through the crimson tide,
Nor heeds the death that quivers in his side;
Northward he rushes with impulsive fin,
Where shores of crystal groan with ocean's din,
Shores that will melt with pity's glow more soon
Than the hard heart that launched the fierce harpoon.
In vain! he dies! yet not without avail
The blubbery bulk between his nose and tail.
Soon shall that bulk, in liquid amber stored,
Shed smiling plenty round some Lapland board.
Dream not, ye nymphs that flutter round the tray
When suns declining shut the door of day,
While China's herb, infused with art, ye sip,
And toast and scandal share the eager lip,
Dream not to you alone that Life is kind
Nor Hyson's charms alone can sooth the mind;
If you are blest, ah, how more blest is he
By kinder fate shut far from tears and tea;
Who marks replenished by his duteous hand,
Dark faces oleaginously expand;
And while you faint to see the scalding doom
Invade with stains the pride of Persia's loom,
Happier in skins than you in silks, perhaps,
Deals the bright train oil to his little Laps.

LECTURE XI.

WORDSWORTH.

A few remarks upon two of the more distinguished poets of the eighteenth century will be a fitting introduction to Wordsworth, and, indeed, a kind of commentary on his poetry. Of two of these poets, we find very evident traces in him—Thompson and Cowper—the one in an indiscriminating love of Nature, the other in a kind of domestic purity—and both in the habit of treating subjects essentially prosaic in verse, whence a somewhat swelling wordiness is inevitable.

Thompson had the good luck to be born in Scotland, and to be brought up by parents remarkable for simplicity and piety of life. Living in the country till he was nearly twenty, he learned to love natural beauty, and must have been an attentive student of scenery. That he had true instincts in poetry is proved by his making Milton and Spenser his models. He was a man of force and originality, and English poetry owes him a large debt, and the first who stood out, both in precept and practice, against the vicious artificial style which then reigned, and led the way back to pure tastes and deeper principles. He was a man perfectly pure in life, the associates of eminent and titled personages, without being ashamed of the little milliner's shop of his sisters in Edinburgh, a lover of freedom, and a poet who never lost a friend, nor ever wrote a line of which he could repent. The licentiousness of the age could not stain him. His poem of "Winter" was published a year before the appearance of the Dunciad.

Thompson's style is not equal to his conceptions. It is generally lumbering and diffuse, and rather stilted than lofty. It is very likely that his Scotch birth had something to do with this, and that he could not write in English with that unconsciousness without which elegance is out of the question, for there can be no true elegance without freedom. Burns's English letters and poems are examples of this. But there are passages in Thompson's poems full of the truest feeling for nature, and gleams of pure imagination.

[Mr. Lowell here read a passage from "Summer," which, he said, illustrated, better than almost any other, his excellencies and defects. It is a description of a storm, beginning—

As first heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven
The tempest growls; &c.]

This is fustian patched with cloth of gold. The picture, fine as it is in parts, is too much frittered with particulars. The poet's imagination does not seem powerful enough to control the language. There is no autocratic energy, but the sentences are like unruly barons, each doing what he likes, in his own province. Many of them are prosaic and thoroughly unpicturesque, and come under the fatal condemnation of being *flat*. Yet, throughout the passage,

The unconquerable genius struggles through,
half suffocated in a cloud of words.

But the metre is hitchy and broken, and seems to have no law but that of five feet to the verse. There is no Pegasean soar, but the unwieldy gallop of an ox. The imagination which Thompson undoubtedly had contrasted oddly with the lumbering vehicle of his diction. He takes a bushel basket to bring home an egg in. To him, poetry and prose entered into partnership, and poetry was the sleeping partner who comes down, now and then, to see how the business is getting on. But he had the *soul* of a poet, and that is the main thing.

Of Gray and Collins there is no occasion to speak at length in this place. Both of them showed true poetic imagination. In Gray it was thwarted by an intellectual timidity that looked round continually for the support of precedent; and Collins did not live long enough to discharge his mind thoroughly of classic pedantry; but both of them broke away from the reigning style of decorous frigidity. Collins's Ode to Evening is enough to show that he had a sincere love of nature—but generally the scenery of both is borrowed from books.

In Cowper we find the same over-minuteness in describing which makes Thompson wearisome, but relieved by a constant vivacity of fancy, which in Thompson was entirely wanting. But Cowper more distinctly preluded Wordsworth in his delight in simple things, in finding themes for song in the little incidents of his own fireside life, or his daily walks, and especially in his desire to make poetry a means of conveying moral truth. The influence of Cowper may be traced clearly in some of Wordsworth's minor poems of pure fancy, and there is one poem of his—that on Yardley Oak—which is almost perfectly Wordsworthian. But Cowper rarely rises above the region of fancy, and he often applied verse to the themes that would not sing. His poetry is never more than agreeable, and never reaches down to the deeper sources of delight. Cowper was one of those men who, wanting a vigorous understanding to steady the emotional part of his nature, may be called peculiar rather than original. Great poetry can never be made out of a morbid temperament, and great wits are commonly the farthest removed from madness. But Cowper had, at least, the power of believing that his own thoughts and pleasures were as good, and as fit material for poetry, as those of any man, no matter how long he had enjoyed the merit of being dead.

The closing years of the Eighteenth Century have something in common with those of the Sixteenth. The air was sparkling with moral and intellectual stimulus. The tremble of the French Revolution ran through all Europe, and probably England, since the time of the great Puritan revolt, had never felt such a thrill of national and indigenous sentiment as during the Napoleonic wars. It was a time fitted to give birth to something original in literature. If, from the collision of minds, sparks of wit and fancy fly out, the shock and jostle of great events, of world-shaping ideas, and of nations who do their work without knowing it, strike forth a fire that kindles heart and brain and tongue to more inspired conceptions and utterances.

It was fortunate for Wordsworth that he had his breeding in the country, and not only so, but among the grandest scenery of England. His earliest associates were the mountains, lakes and streams of his native district, and the scenery with which his mind was stored during its most impressible period was noble and pure. The people, also, among whom he grew up were a simple and hardy race, who kept alive the traditions and many of the habits of a more picturesque time. There was also a general equality of condition, which kept life from becoming conventional and trite, and cherished friendly human sympathies. When death knocked at any door of the hamlet, there was an echo from every fireside; and a wedding dropped an orange flower at every door. There was not a grave in the little churchyard but had its story; not a crag or glen or aged tree without its legend. The occupations of the people, who were mostly small farmers and shepherds, were such as fostered independence and originality of character. And where everybody knew everybody, and everybody's father had known everybody's father, and so on immemorially, the interest of man in man was not likely to become a matter of cold hearsay and distant report. It was here that Wordsworth learned not only to love the sublime simplicity of nature, but likewise that homely and earnest manliness which gives such depth and sincerity to his poems. Travel, intercourse with society, scholarly culture, nothing, could ever cover up or obliterate those early impressions. They widened the range of his knowledge and added to his power of expression, but they never blunted that fine instinct in him which enables him always to speak directly to man and to gentlemen, or scholar or citizen. It was that enabled his poetry afterwards to conquer all the reviews of England. The great art of being a man, the sublime mystery of being *yourself*, is something to which one must be apprenticed early.

[Mr. Lowell here gave an outline of Wordsworth's personal history and character.]

As a man, we can fancy him just in the least degree uninteresting—if the horrid word must come out—why, a little bit of a bore. One must regard him as a prophet in order to have the right kind of feeling towards him; and prophets are excellent for certain moods of mind, but perhaps are creatures

Too bright and good
For human nature's daily food.

I fancy, from what I have heard from those who know him, that he had a tremendous prose-power, and that, with his singing robes off, he was dry and stiff as a figure-head. He had a purity of mind approaching almost to prudery, and a pupil of Dr. Arnold told me that he heard him say once, at a dinner there, that he thought the first line of Keats's ode to a Grecian Urn indecorous. The boys considered him rather *slow*. There was something rocky and unyielding in his mind, something that, if we found it in a man we did not feel grateful to and respect, we should call hard. Even his fancy sometimes is glittering and stiff, like crystallizations in granite. But, at other times, how tender and delicate and dewy from very contrast, like harebells growing in a crag-cleft!

There seem to have been two distinct natures in him—Wordsworth the poet, and Wordsworth the man, who used to talk about Wordsworth the poet. One played a kind of Baruch to the other's Jeremiah, and thought a good deal of his master the prophet. Baruch was terrifically *un*-inspired, and was in the habit of repeating Jeremiah's poems at rather more length than was desired, selecting commonly the parts which pleased him, Baruch, the best. Baruch Wordsworth used to praise Jeremiah Wordsworth, and used to tell entertaining anecdotes of him, how he one day saw an old woman and the next did *not*, and so came home and dictated some verses on this remarkable phenomenon; and how another day he saw a cow.

But, in reading Wordsworth, we must skip all the Baruch interpolations, and cleave wholly to Jeremiah who is truly inspired and noble—more so than any modern. We are too near him, perhaps, to be able wholly to separate the personal from the poetical. I acknowledge that I reverence the noble old man, both for his grand life and his poems that are the worthy expression of it. But a lecturer is under bonds to speak what he believes to be the truth. While I think that Wordsworth's poetry is a thing by itself, both in its heights and depths, something sacred and apart, I cannot but acknowledge that his prosing is sometimes a gift as peculiar to himself. Like old Ben Johnson—he apparently wished that a great deal of what he wrote should be called works. Especially this is true of his larger poems, like the Excursion and the Prelude. However small, however commonplace the thought, the ponderous machine of his verse runs on, like a railway train that must start at a certain hour, though the only passenger be the boy that cries lozenges. He seems to have thought that inspiration was something that could be turned on like steam. Walter Savage Landor told me that he once said to Wordsworth, "Mr. Wordsworth, a man may mix as much poetry with his prose as he likes, and it will make it the better; but the moment he mixes a bit of his prose with his poetry, it precipitates the whole." Wordsworth, he added, never forgave him.

There was a great deal in Wordsworth's character that reminds us of Milton; the same self-reliance, the same purity and loftiness of purpose, and, I suspect, the same personal dryness of temperament and seclusion in self. He seems to have had a profounder imagination than Milton, but infinitely less music, less poetical faculty. I am not entirely satisfied of the truth of the modern philosophy which, if a man knock another on the head, transfers all the guilt to some pecant bump on his own occiput or sinciput; but if we measure Wordsworth in this way, I feel as if he had plenty of fore-head, but that he wanted hind-head, and would have been more entirely satisfactory if he had one of the philo-something-or-other.

It cannot be denied that in Wordsworth the very highest powers of the poetic mind were associated with a certain tendency to the diffuse and commonplace. It is in the Understanding (always prosaic) that the great golden veins of his imagination are imbedded. He wrote too much to write always well; for it is not a great Xerxes army of words, but a compact Greek ten thousand, that march safely down to posterity. He set tasks to the divine faculty, which is much the same as trying to make Jove's eagle do the service of a clucking-hen. Throughout the Prelude and the Excursion, he seems striving to bind the wizard Imagination with the sand-ropes of dry disquisition, and to have forgotten the potent spell-word which would make the particles adhere. There is an arenaceous quality in the style which makes progress wearisome, yet with what splendours, as of mountain sun-sets, are we not rewarded! What golden rounds of verse do we not see stretching heavenward, with angels ascending and descending! What haunting melodies hover around us, deep and eternal, like the undying baritone of the sea? And if we are compelled to fare through sands and desert wildernesses, how often do we not hear airy shapes that syllable our names with a startling personal appeal to our highest consciousness and our noblest aspirations, such as we might wait for in vain in any other poet.

Take from Wordsworth all which an honest criticism cannot but allow, and what is left will show how truly great he was. He had no humour, no dramatic power, and his temperament was of that dry and juiceless quality that, in all his published correspondence, you shall not find a letter, but only essays. If we consider carefully where he was most successful, we shall find that it was not so much in description of natural scenery, or delineation of character, as in vivid expression of the effect produced by external objects and events upon his own mind. His finest passages are always monologues. He had a fondness for particulars, and there are parts of his poems which remind us of local histories, in the undue relative importance given to trivial matter. He was the historian of Wordsworthshire. The powers of particularization (for it is as truly a power as generalization) is what gives such vigour and greatness to single lines and sentiments of Wordsworth, and to poems developing a single thought or word. It was this that made him so fond of the sonnet. His mind had not that reach and elemental movement of Milton's which, like the Trade Winds, gathered to itself thoughts and images like stately fleets from every quarter; some deep with silks and spicery, some brooding over the silent thunders of their battallous armaments; but all swept forward in their destined track, over the long billows of his verse, every inch of canvass strained by the unifying breath of their common epic impulse. It was an organ that Milton mastered, mighty in compass, capable equally of the trumpet's ardours or the slim delicacy of the flute, and sometimes it bursts forth in great crashes through his prose, as if he touched it for solace in the intervals of his toil. If Wordsworth sometimes puts the trumpet to his lips, yet he lays it aside soon and willingly for his appropriate instrument, the pastoral reed. And it is not one that grew by any vulgar stream, but that which Apollo breathed through, tending the flocks of Admetus, that which Pan endowed with every melody of the visible universe, the same in which the soul of the despairing nymph took refuge, and gifted with her dual nature, so that, ever and anon, amid the notes of human joy or sorrow, there comes suddenly a deeper and almost awful tone, thrilling us into dim consciousness of a forgotten divinity.

Of no other poet, except Shakspeare, have so many phrases become household words as of Wordsworth. If Pope has made current more epigrams of worldly wisdom, to Wordsworth belongs the nobler praise of having defined for us, and given us for a daily possession, those faint and vague suggestions of other worldliness of whose gentle ministry with our baser nature the hurry and bustle of life scarcely ever allowed us to be conscious. He has won for himself a secure immortality by a depth of intuition which makes only the best minds at their best hours worthy, or indeed capable, of his companionship, and by a homely sincerity of human sympathy which reaches the humblest heart. Our language owes him gratitude for the purity and abstinence of his style, and we who speak it for having emboldened us to take delight in simple things, and to trust ourselves to our own instincts. And he hath his reward. It needs not to

Bid Beaumont lie
A little further off to make him room,

for there is no fear of crowding in that little society with whom he is now enrolled as the fifth in the succession of the great English Poets.

LECTURE XII.

Whether, as some philosophers assume, we possess only the fragments of a great cycle of knowledge, in whose centre stood the primeval man in friendly relation with the powers of the universe, and build our hovels out of the ruins of our ancestral palace, or whether, according to the developing theory of others, we are rising gradually and have come up from an atom instead of descending from an Adam, so that the proudest pedigree might run to a barnacle or a zoophyte at last, are questions that will keep for a good many centuries yet. Confining myself to what little we can learn from History, we find tribes rising slowly out of barbarism to a higher or lower point of culture and civility, and everywhere the poet also is found under one name or other, changing in certain outward respects, but essentially the same.

But, however far we go back, we shall find this also—that the poet and the priest were united originally in the same person; which means that the poet was he who was conscious of the world of spirit as well as that of sense, and was the ambassador of the gods to men. This was his highest function, and hence his name of seer.

I suppose the word epic originally meant nothing more than this, that the poet was the person who was the greatest master of speech. His were the *epea pterventa*, the true winged words that could fly down the unexplored future and carry the names of ancestral heroes, of the brave and wise and good. It was thus that the poet could reward virtue, and, by and by, as society grew more complex, could burn in the brand of shame. This is Homer's character of Demodocus, in the eighth book of the Odysee,

When the Muse loved and gave the good and ill,
the gift of conferring good or evil immortality.

The first histories were in verse, and, sung as they were at feasts and gatherings of the people, they awoke in men the desire of fame, which is the first promoter of courage and self-trust, because it teaches men by degrees to appeal from the present to the future. We may fancy what the influence of the early epics was when they were recited to men who claimed the heroes celebrated in them for their ancestors, by what Bouchardon the sculptor said, only two centuries ago: "When I read Homer, I feel as if I were twenty feet high." Nor have poets lost their power over the future in modern times. Dante lifts up by the hair the face of some petty traitor, the Smith and Brown of some provincial town, lets the fire of his inferno glare upon it for a moment, and it is printed forever on the memory of mankind. The historians may iron out the shoulders of Richard the Third as smooth as they can, they will never get over the wrench that Shakspeare gave them.

The peculiarity of almost all early literature is that it seems to have a double meaning, that underneath its natural we find ourselves continually seeing and suspecting a supernatural meaning. Even in the older epics, the characters seem to be only half historical and half typical. They appear as the Pilgrim Fathers do in 22d of December speeches at Plymouth. The *names* may be historical, but the attributes are ideal. The orator draws a portrait rather of what he thinks founders ought to have been than a likeness which contemporaries would have recognised. Thus did the early poets endeavour to make reality out of appearances. For, except a few typical men, in whom certain ideas get embodied, the generations of mankind are mere apparitions who come out of the dark for a purposeless moment, and enter the dark again after they have performed the nothing they came for.

The poet's gift, then, is that of a seer. He it is who discovers the truth as it exists in types and images; that is the spiritual meaning, which abides forever under the sensual. And his instinct is to express himself also in types and images. But it was not only necessary that he himself should be delighted with the vision, but that he should interest his hearer with the faculty divine. Pure Truth is not acceptable to the mental palate. It must be diluted with character and incident, it must be humanized in order to be attractive. If the bones of a mastodon be exhumed, a crowd will gather out of curiosity—but let the skeleton of a man be turned up, and what a difference in the expression of the features! Every bystander then creates his little drama, in which those whitened bones take flesh upon them, and stalk as chief actor.

The poet is he who can best see or best say what is ideal—what belong to the world of soul and of beauty. Whether he celebrates the brave and good man, or the gods, or the beautiful as it appears in man or nature, something of a religious character still clings to him. He may be unconscious of his mission; he may be false to it; but, in proportion as he is a great poet, he rises to the level of it more often. He does not always directly rebuke what is bad or base, but indirectly by making us feel what delight there is in the good and fair. If he besieges evil, it is with such beautiful engines of war (as Plutarch tells us of Demetrius) that the besieged themselves are charmed with them. Whoever reads the great poets cannot but be made better by it, for they always introduce him to a higher society, to a greater style of manners and of thinking. Whoever learns to love what is beautiful is made incapable of the mean and low and bad. It is something to be thought of, that all the great poets have been good men. He who translates the divine into the vulgar, the spiritutal into the personal, is the reverse of a poet.

It seems to be thought that we have come upon the earth too late, that there has been a feast of imagination formerly, and all that is left for us is to steal the scraps. We hear that there is no poetry in railroads, steamboats and telegraphs, and especially in Brother Jonathan. If this be true, so much the worse for him. But because *he* is a materialist, shall there be no poets? When we have said that we live in a materialistic age, we have said something which meant more than we intended. If we say it in the way of blame, we have said a foolish thing, for, probably, one age is as good as another, and, at any rate, the worst is good enough company for us. The age of Shakspeare seems richer than our own only because it was lucky enough to have such a pair of eyes as his to see it, and such a gift of speech as his to report it. Shakspeare did not sit down and cry for the water of Helicon to turn the wheels of his little private mill there at the Bankside. He appears to have gone more quietly about his business than any play-wright in London, to have drawn off what water-power he wanted from the great prosy current of affairs that flows alike for all and in spite of all, to have ground for the public what grist they want, coarse or fine, and it seems a mere piece of luck that the smooth stream of his activity reflected with such ravishing clearness every changing mood of heaven and earth, every stick and stone, every dog and clown and courtier that stood upon its brink. It is a curious illustration of the friendly manner in which Shakspeare received everything that came along, of what a *present* man he was, that in the very same year that mulberry tree was brought into England, he got one and planted it in his garden at Stratford.

It is perfectly true that this is a materialistic age, and for that very reason we want our poets all the more. We find that every generation contrives to catch its singing larks without the sky's falling. When the poet comes he always turns out to be the man who discovers that the passing moment is the inspired one, and that the secret of poetry is not to have lived in Homer's day or Dante's, but to be alive now. To be alive now, that is the great art and mystery. They are dead men who live in the past, and men yet unborn who live in the future. We are like Hans in Luck, forever exchanging the burthensome good we have for something else, till at last we come home empty handed. The people who find their own age prosaic, are those who see only its costume. And that is what makes it prosaic, that we have not faith enough in ourselves to think our own clothes good enough to be presented to Posterity in. The artists seems to think that the court dress of posterity is that of Vandyke's time or Cæsar's. I have seen the model of a statue of Sir Robert Peel—a statesman whose merit consisted in yielding gracefully to the present—in which the sculptor had done his best to travesty the real man into a make-believe Roman. At the period when England produced its greatest poets, we find exactly the reverse of this, and we are thankful to the man who made the monument of Lord Bacon that he had genius enough to copy every button of his dress, everything down to the rosettes on his shoes. Those men had faith even in their own shoe-strings. Till Dante's time, the Italian poets thought no language good enough to put their nothings into but Latin, and, indeed, a dead tongue was the best for dead thoughts, but Dante found the common speech of Florence, in which men bargained, and scolded, and made love, good enough for him, and out of the world around him made a poem such as no Roman ever sung.

We cannot get rid of our wonder, we who have brought down the wild lightning from writing fiery doom upon the walls of heaven to be our errand boy and penny postman. In this day of newspapers and electric telegraphs, in which common sense and ridicule can magnetize a whole continent between dinner and tea, we say that such a phenomenon as Mahomet were impossible, and behold Joe Smith and the State of Deseret! Turning over the yellow leaves of the same copy of Webster on Witchcraft, which Cotton Mather studied, I thought, well, that goblin is laid at last! and while I mused, the tables were dancing, and the chairs beating the devil's tattoo all over Christendom. I have a neighbour who dug down through tough strata of a clay slate to a spring pointed out by a witch hazel rod in the hands of a seventh son's seventh son, and the water is the sweeter to him for the wonder that is mixed with it. After all, it seems that our scientific gas, be it never so brilliant, is not equal to the dingy old Aladdin's lamp.

It is impossible for men to live in the world without poetry of some sort or other. If they cannot get the best, they will get at some subterfuge for it. But there is as much poetry as ever in the world, if we only knew how to find it out, and as much imagination, perhaps, only that it takes a more prosaic direction. Every man who meets with misfortune, who is stripped of his material prosperity, finds that he has a little outlying mountain-farm of imagination, which did not appear in the schedule of his effects, on which his spirit is able to keep itself alive, though he never thought of it while he was fortunate. Job turns out to be a great poet as soon as his flocks and herds are taken away from him.

Perhaps our continent will begin to sing by and by as the others have done. We have had the practical forced upon us by our condition. We have had a whole hemisphere to clear up and put to rights. And we are descended from men who were hardened and stiffened by a downright wrestle with necessity. There was no chance for poetry among the Puritans. And yet, if any people have a right to imagination, it should be the descendants of those very Puritans. They had enough of it, or they could not have conceived the great epic they did, whose books are States, and which is written on this continent from Maine to California.

John Quincy Adams, making a speech at New Bedford, many years ago, reckoned the number of whale ships (if I remember rightly) that sailed out of that port, and comparing it with some former period, took it as a type of American success. But, alas! it is with quite other oil that those far-shining lamps of a nation's true glory which burn forever must be filled. It is not by any amount of material splendour or prosperity, but only by moral greatness, by ideas, by works of imagination, that a race can conquer the future. No voice comes to us from the once mighty Assyria but the hoot of the owl that nests amid her crumbling palaces; of Carthage, whose merchant fleets once furled their sails in every port of the known world, nothing is left but the deeds of Hannibal. She lies dead on the shore of her once subject sea, and the wind of the desert only flings its handfuls of burial sand upon her corse. A fog can blot Holland or Switzerland out of existence. But how large is the space occupied in the maps of the soul by little Athens or powerless Italy! They were great by the soul, and their vital force is as indestructible as the soul.

Till America has learned to love Art, not as an amusement, not as the mere ornament of her cities, not as a superstition of what is *comme il faut* for a great nation, but for its harmonizing and ennobling energy, for its power of making men better by arousing in them a perception of their own instincts for what is beautiful and sacred and religious, and an eternal rebuke of the base and worldly, she will not have succeeded in that high sense which alone makes a nation out of a people, and raises it from a dead name to a living power. Were our little mother island sunk beneath the sea, or, worse, were she conquered by Scythian barbarians, yet Shakspeare would be an immortal England, and would conquer countries, when the bones of her last sailor had kept their ghastly watch for ages, in unhallowed ooze, beside the quenched thunders of her navy.

This lesson I learn from the past: that grace and goodness, the fair, the noble, and the free, will never cease out of the world till the God from whom they emanate ceases out of it; that the sacred duty and noble office of the poet is to reveal and justify them to men; that as long as the soul endures, endures also the theme of new and unexampled song; that while there is grace in grace, love in love, and beauty in beauty, God will still send poets to find them, and bear witness of them, and to hang their ideal portraitures in the gallery of memory. God with us is forever the mystical name of the hour that is passing. The lives of the great poets teach us that they were the men of their generation who felt most deeply the meaning of the Present.

I have been more painfully conscious than any one else could be of the inadequacy of what I have been able to say, when compared with the richness and variety of my theme. I shall endeavour to make my apology in verse, and will bid you farewell in a little poem in which I have endeavoured to express the futility of all *effort* to speak the loveliness of things, and also my theory of where the Muse is to be found, if ever. It is to her that I sing my hymn.

[Mr. Lowell here read an original poem of considerable length, which concluded the lecture, and was received with bursts of applause.]

The noblest remedy for injuries is oblivion. Light injuries are made lighter by not regarding them.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Men build to thee no shrine,
Yet every holy place is filled with thee;
Dim groves and mountain-tops alike are thine,
Spirit of Poetry!
Island and ocean peak;
Seas where the keel of ships shall never go;
Cots, palaces, and graves; whate'er can speak
Of human love or woe.

How thou hast cast a glory
Over the dust of him sublimely wise,
The blind old man, with his immortal story
Of a lost Paradise!
How thou, by mountain-streams,
Met'st the poor peasant, and from passion's leaven
Refined his soul, wooing with holy themes
In Mary's voice from heaven!

'Twas thou didst give the key
Of human hearts to Goëthe, to unlock
Their sealed-up depths, like that old mystery
Of the wand-stricken rock.
All these I see, and more;
All crowned with glory, loftier than their race;
And, trembling, I shrink back, abashed and poor,
Unworthy of thy grace;

For what am I, that thou
Shouldst visit me in love, and give me might
To touch, like these, man's heart, his pride to bow;
Or, erring, lead him right?
Oh! dost thou visit me?
Is it thy spirit that I feel in all;
Thy light, yet brighter than the sun's, I see?
Is this thy spiritual call?

It is! it is! Though weak
And poor my spirit, thou dost condescend
Thy beauty to unveil, and with me speak
As gentle friend with friend.
With thee I walk the ways
Of daily life; and, human tears and sighs
Interpreting, so learn to love my race,
And with them sympathize.

Hence is it that all tears
Which human sorrow sheds are dear to me;
That the soul, struggling with its mortal fears,
Moveth me mightily.
Hence is it that the hearts
Of little children and unpracticed youth
So gladden me with their unwordly arts,
Their kindness and their truth.

Hence is it that the eye
And sunken cheek of poverty so move—
Seen only by a glimpse in passing by—
My soul to human love.
Spirit, I will not say
Though dost not visit me; nor yet repine,
Less mighty though I be, less great than they
Whom thou hast made divine.

THE OLD INDEPENDENCE BELL.

The old bell which first proclaimed liberty to the United Colonies from the State House steeple, and which for years past has been an object of attraction in Independence Hall, now occupies a position in the hall immediately in front of the portrait of Lafayette, close by the statue of Washington, on a ped